

THE
CONFESSIONS

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU:

WITH THE

REVERIES

OF THE

SOLITARY WALKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

VOL. I.

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THE
CONFESSIONS

J. J. ROUSSEAU



1852

T H E
C O N F E S S I O N S

O F

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

B O O K I.

I AM undertaking a work which has no example, and whose execution will have no imitator. I mean to lay open to my fellow-mortals a man just as nature wrought him; and this man is myself.

I alone. I know my heart, and am acquainted with mankind. I am not made like any one I have seen; I dare believe I am not made like any one existing. If I am not better, at least I am quite different. Whether Nature has done well or ill in breaking the mould she cast me in, can be determined only after having read me.

Let the trumpet of the day of judgment sound when it will, I shall appear with this book in my hand before the Sovereign Judge, and cry with a loud voice, This is my work, these were my thoughts, and thus was I. I have freely told both the good and the bad, have hid nothing wicked, added nothing good; and if I have happened to make use of an

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insignificant ornament, 'twas only to fill a void occasioned by a short memory: I may have supposed true what I knew might be so, never what I knew was false. I have exposed myself as I was, contemptible and vile some times; at others, good, generous, and sublime. I have revealed my heart as thou sawest it thyself. Eternal Being! assemble around me the numberless throng of my fellow-mortals; let them listen to my Confessions, let them lament at my unworthiness, let them blush at my misery. Let each of them, in his turn, lay open his heart with the same sincerity at the foot of thy throne, and then say, if he dare, *I was better than that man.*

I was born at Geneva in 1712, of Isaac Rousseau, and Susan Bernard, citizens. A very moderate estate, which was divided amongst fifteen children, having reduced almost to nothing my father's share, he had no other subsistence than his trade, which was that of a watchmaker, in which he was undoubtedly very clever. My mother, a daughter of the minister Bernard, was richer; she had prudence and beauty: 'twas with some trouble my father obtained her. Their affection began almost at their birth: from the age of eight or nine they took a walk together every evening on the banks of the Treille; at the age of ten they could never leave each other. Sympathy and resemblance of soul strengthened in them the sentiments habit had produced. Each born for tenderness and sensibility, only waited for the moment to find another of the same disposition, or rather that moment

moment waited for them, and each of them gave their heart to the first ~~expanded~~ to receive it. Fate, which seemed ~~to~~ oppose their passion, animated it still more. The young lover, not able to obtain his beloved, wasted away with sorrow; she advised him to travel and forget her. He travelled in vain, and returned more fond than ever. He found her again whom he loved, tender and faithful. After this proof nothing remained but to love each other for life; they vowed it, and Heaven blessed their vow.

Gabriel Bernard, my mother's brother, fell in love with one of the sisters of my father; but she would not consent to marry the brother on any condition but that of her brother's marrying the sister. Love arranged all, and the two marriages were celebrated the same day. Thus my uncle married my aunt, and their children were doubly my cousin-germans. Each of them had a child before the end of the year; and once more they were obliged to separate.

My Uncle Bernard was an engineer: he served in the Empire and in Hungary under prince Eugene. He distinguished himself at the siege and battle of Belgrade. My father, after the birth of my only brother, set off for Constantinople, by desire, and became watchmaker to the Seraglio. During his absence, the beauty of my mother, her wit, and talents *, drew admirers. M. de la Closure, resi-

* They were too brilliant for her situation; the minister her father, who adored her, having taken

dent of France, was the forwardest in his offers. His passion must have been intense; for thirty years afterwards I have seen him melt at her name. My mother had more than common virtue for her defence: she tenderly loved her husband; she pressed him to return. He left all and came. I was the unhappy fruit of this return. Ten months after I came into the world infirm and ill; I cost my mother her life, and my birth was the first of my misfortunes.

I don't know how my father supported this loss; but I know he was never happy afterwards. He thought he saw her in me, without being able to forget I had taken her from him: never did he clasp me in his arms, but I felt, by his sighs, by his convulsive embraces, that a bitter regret was mixt with his caresses, though they were the tenderer for it. Whenever he said to me, Jean Jacques, let us talk of thy mother, I said, Well, father, we shall cry then; and this word alone immediately drew

great care of her education. She was taught drawing and singing; she accompanied the theorbo, had learning, and composed tolerable verse. Here is an extemporary piece of hers, in the absence of her brother and husband, while walking with her sister-in-law and their two children, on a conversation with some one about them.

Ces deux Messieurs, qui sont absens,
 Nous sont chers de bien des manieres;
 Ce sont nos amis, nos amans;
 Ce sont nos maris & nos freres,
 Et les peres de ces enfans.

tears

tears from him. Ah! said he with a groan, give her back to me again; comfort me for her; fill up the space she has left in my soul. Could I love thee thus, if thou wast only mine? Forty years after her death, he died in the arms of a second wife; but the name of the first was on his tongue, and her image in his heart.

Such were the authors of my being. Of all the gifts heaven had bestowed on them, a feeling heart was the only one they left me; but that which was their happiness, caused all the misfortunes of my life.

I came into the world almost dead; they had little hopes of preserving me. I brought with me the seeds of a disorder which years have strengthened, and which now I am sometimes relieved from, only to suffer otherwise in a more cruel manner. A sister of my father, an amiable and prudent young woman, took so much care of me that she saved me. At the time I write this, she is still living, nursing at eighty a husband younger than herself, but worn out by excess in drinking. Dear aunt, I excuse you for having saved my life, and am sorry I cannot return you, at the decline of your days, those tender cares you heaped on me at the beginning of mine. I have likewise my governess Jaqueline still alive, healthy and robust. The hands, which opened my eyes at my birth, may close them at my death.

I felt before I thought; 'tis the common fate of humanity: I have proved it more than any one. I am ignorant of what passed till I was five or six years old: I don't know how I

learnt to read; I remember my first studies only, and their effect on me : this is the time from whence I date, without interruption, the knowledge of myself. My mother left some romances. My father and I read them after supper. At that time the point was to exercise me in reading entertaining books only; but very soon the interest in them became so strong, that we read by turns without ceasing, and passed whole nights at this employment. We never could leave off but at the end of the volume. Sometimes my father, on hearing the swallows in the morning, would say, quite ashamed, Come, let us go to bed; I am more a child than thou art.

In a short time I acquired, by this dangerous method, not only an extreme facility in reading and comprehending, but also a peculiar knowledge at my age of the passions. I had not the least idea of things, but the sentiments were known to me. I conceived nothing; I had felt the whole. These confused emotions, which I found come one on the other, did not hurt the reason I was not yet possessed of; but they formed one of another sort, and gave me a romantic extravagant notion of human life, which experience and reflection have never been able entirely to eradicate.

The romances ended with the summer of 1719. The winter following produced other things. My mother's library being exhausted, recourse was had to that part of her father's which had fallen to our share. Happily we found some good books among them: it could not well be otherwise; this library having
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been collected by a minister in the true sense of the word, and not only learned, (for it was then the fashion,) but also a man of taste and sense. The History of the Church and of the Empire by Le Sueur, the Discourses of Bossuet on Universal History, Plutarch's Illustrious Men, the History of Venice by Nani, Ovid's Metamorphoses, La Bruyere, Fontenelle's Worlds, his Dialogues of the Dead, and a few volumes of Moliere, were carried to my father's closet, and I read them to him every day during his employment. My taste for them was uncommon, and perhaps not to be equalled at that age. Plutarch, particularly, became my favourite author. The pleasure I took in reading him over again and again, cured me a little of romances, and I soon preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, and Aristides, to Orondates, Artamenes, and Juba. From these engaging studies, from the conversations they occasioned between my father and me, were formed that liberal republican spirit, that proud invincible character, impatient of restraint or servitude, which has tortured me through the whole course of my life, in situations the least proper for giving them action. Incessantly occupied with Rome or Athens, living in a manner with their great men, myself born citizen of a republic, and son to a father whose love of his country was his ruling passion, I glowed at his example; I thought myself Greek or Roman; I was transformed into the person whose life I read: the recital of an act of constancy and intrepidity which struck me, rendered my eyes fiery, and my voice strong. One day at

table, reciting the story of Scævola, they were affrighted to see me go forward, and hold my hand over a chafing-dish, to represent his action.

I had a brother seven years older than me. He learned the profession of my father. The extreme affection for me caused him to be a little neglected, and this is not what I approve of. His education felt this negligence. He gave into libertinism, even before the age of a real libertine. He was sent to another master, where he played the same pranks as at home. I seldom saw him; I can scarcely say I was acquainted with him; but I nevertheless loved him tenderly, and he loved me as much as a rake can love any body. I recollect once, when my father chastized him severely and in anger, I threw myself impetuously between them, and closely embraced him. I covered him thus with my body, receiving the strokes aimed at him. I persisted so much in this attitude, that my father was at last obliged to pardon him, either softened by my cries and tears, or being unwilling to beat me more than him. In fine, my brother grew so bad, he went off, and entirely disappeared. Some time after we heard he was in Germany. He never once wrote. He has never since been heard of, and thus I became the only son.

Though the poor boy was neglected, it was not so with his brother; the sons of kings could not be better taken care of than I was during my tender years by all around me, and always, which is very rare, treated as a beloved, not as a spoiled child: not once, whilst under paternal

paternal inspection, was I permitted to run about the streets with other children; never required reprimand or gratification in any fantastical humour, imputed to nature, but which springs from education only. I had the faults of my age; I was a prattler, a glutton, and sometimes a liar. I sometimes stole fruit, sweetmeats, and victuals; but I never took pleasure in mischief, waste, accusing others, or torturing poor animals. I remember, however, making water once in the kettle of one of our neighbours, whose name was madam Clot, while she was at church. I own too the recollection still makes me laugh, because madam Clot, a good creature if you please, was, however, the most grumbling old woman I ever knew. Thus you have the short and true history of all my childish misdeeds.

How could I become wicked, when I had nothing before my eyes but examples of mildness, and around me the best people in the world? My father, my aunt, my governess, my relations, my acquaintance, my neighbours, all who surrounded me, did not obey me indeed, but loved me, and I on my part loved them. My wishes were so little excited and so little contradicted, I never thought of any. I can make oath that until my subjection to a master, I never knew what a caprice was. Except the time I spent in reading, or writing with my father, or that my governess took me out a walking, I was always with my aunt, observing her embroider, hearing her sing, sitting or standing by her side, and I was happy. Her

sprightliness, her mildness, her agreeable countenance, are so strongly imprinted on me, that I yet see her manner, her looks, her attitude ; I remember her little caressing questions ; I could tell her cloathing and head-dress, without forgetting the two locks her black hair formed on her temples, according to the fashion of those times.

I am persuaded I am indebted to her for a taste, or rather passion, for music, which did not shew itself till long afterwards. She knew a prodigious number of tunes and songs, which she sung with a soft and melodious voice. The serenity of soul of this excellent girl drove from her, and those who surrounded her, sadness and melancholy. The charms of her voice so allured me, that not only several of her songs remain in my memory, but some of them come to my recollection, now I have lost her, though totally forgot since my infancy, and present themselves still as I grow old, with a charm I am not able to express. Would one think that I, an old dotard, worn out with care and trouble, surprize myself sometimes in tears like a child, in muttering these little tunes with a voice already broke and trembling ? One of them in particular I have recollected entirely again, as to the tune ; but the second moiety of the words constantly refuses every effort to recal it, though I catch the rhimes in a confused manner of some of them. Here is the beginning, and what I have been able to recollect of the remainder.

Tircis,

Tircis, je n'ose
 Ecouter ton chalumeau
 Sous l' ormeau ;
 Car on en cause
 Déjà dans notre hameau.

 un berger
 s'engager
 sans danger ;
 Et toujours l' épine est sous la rose.

I have sought for the moving charm my heart feels at this song : 'tis a caprice I cannot comprehend ; but there is an impossibility of my singing it to the end without being suffocated by tears. I have an hundred times intended to write to Paris, to get the remaining words, if it should happen that any one still knows them. But I am almost sure the pleasure I take in recalling them to my mind would vanish in part, if I had a proof that any other than my poor aunt Susan sung them.

Such were the first affections of my entrance into life ; thus was formed and began to shew itself that heart of mine at once so proud and so tender, that character so effeminate, but nevertheless invincible, which, always floating between weakness and courage, between ease and virtue, has even to the last set me in contradiction with myself, and has caused abstinence and enjoyment, pleasure and prudence, equally to shun me.

This course of education was interrupted by an accident whose consequences influenced the rest of my life. My father had a dispute

with a Mr. G***, a captain in France, and related to some of the council. This G***, an insolent and ungenerous man, bled at the nose, and to revenge himself accused my father of having drawn his sword against him in the city. My father, whom they wanted to send to prison, insisted that, according to law, the accuser should be sent there likewise. Not being able to obtain it, he chose rather to leave Geneva and quit his country for the rest of his life, than to give up a point where honour and liberty seemed in danger.

I remained under the tuition of my uncle Bernard, at that time employed in the fortifications of Geneva. His eldest daughter was dead, but he had a son about my age. We were both sent to board at Bosley with the minister Lambercier, to learn, with Latin, all the insignificant stuff which accompanies it, under the name of education.

Two years spent in a village softened a little my Roman fierceness, and brought me back to my state of childhood. At Geneva, where nothing was forced on me, I was fond of application and study; 'twas almost my whole amusement. At Bosley application made me fond of play as a relaxation. The country was so new to me 'twas impossible to tire myself with its enjoyment. My taste for it was a passion I never could extinguish. The remembrance of the happy days I have passed in it, makes me regret its abode and its pleasures at every age, quite to that which has brought me there again. M. Lambercier was a very sensible man, who, without neglecting our instruction,

struction, never loaded us with extreme tasks. The proof his method was a good one is, that, in spite of my aversion to constraint, I never recollect with disgust my hours of study; and though I did not learn much of him, what I learnt was without trouble, and I still retain it.

The simplicity of that rural life was an advantage inestimable, as it opened my heart to friendship. Till then I had been acquainted with elevated, but imaginary sentiments only. The habit of living in a peaceable state together tenderly united me to my cousin Bernard. In a little time I had more affectionate sentiments for him, than those I had for my brother, and which have never worn away. He was a tall, long-shanked, weakly boy, with a mind as mild as his body was feeble, and did not much abuse the partiality shewn him in the house as son of my guardian. Our labour, our amusements, our tastes, were the same; we were alone, of the same age; each of us wanted a play-mate: to separate us was in some measure to annihilate us. Though we had not many opportunities of shewing our attachment to each other, it was extreme; and not only we could not live an instant separated, but we even thought we never could endure it. Each of a humour to yield to kindness, complaisant if not constrained, we always agreed on every point. If, favoured by those who governed us, he had the ascendant over me while in their sight; when we were alone I had it over him, which established the equilibrium. At our studies, I prompted him
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if he hesitated ; when my exercise was done I helped him in doing his, and at our amusements my more active taste always guided him. In fine, our two characters were so alike, and the friendship which united us so real, that for more than five years that we were nearly inseparable, both at Bossey and Geneva, we often fought, I allow, but it was never necessary to separate us ; no one of our disputes lasted more than a quarter of an hour, and we never once accused each other. These remarks are, if you will, puerile ; but the result is, perhaps, a singular example since children have existed.

The manner I lived in at Bossey was so agreeable, that nothing but its continuance was necessary absolutely to fix my character. Tender, affectionate, peaceable sentiments were its basis. I believe an individual of our species never had naturally less vanity than I. I raised myself by transports to sublime emotions, but as suddenly I returned to my languor. To be loved by all who saw me was my greatest wish. I was mild, so was my cousin ; those who governed us were the same. During two years I was neither witness nor victim of a violent sentiment. Every thing nourished in my heart the dispositions it received from nature : I knew nothing so charming as to see every one contented with me and every thing else. I shall for ever remember, that, at church, answering our catechism, nothing so much troubled me, when I happened to hesitate, as to see, in the countenance of Miss Lamercier, marks of uneasiness and trouble.

trouble. That alone afflicted me more than the shame of faltering in public, which, however, extremely affected me: for, though not very sensible to praise, I always was very much to shame; and I can now say, that the expectation of a reprimand from Miss Lambercier alarmed me less than the dread of making her uneasy.

However, she did not, on occasion, want severity any more than her brother; but as this severity, almost always just, was never in anger, it afflicted me, but without complaining. I was more sorry to displease than to be punished, and the sign of discontent was more cruel to me than afflictive correction. It is painful to me, but I must speak plainer. The method taken with youth would be changed, if the distant effects were better seen, from what is always indiscriminately, and often indistinctly, made use of. The great lesson to be learnt from an example as common as fatal, made me resolve to give it.

As Miss Lambercier had a mother's affection for us, she had also the authority, and sometimes carried it so far as to inflict on us the punishment of infants, when we deserved it. She confined herself long enough to menaces, and menaces were so new to me as to seem very dreadful; but after their execution, I found them less terrible in the proof than in the expectation; and, what is more extraordinary, the chastisement drew my affection still more towards her who gave it. Nothing less than the reality of this affection, and all my natural mildness, could have prevented
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me from seeing a return of the same treatment in deserving it; for I felt in my grief, and even in my shame, a mixture of sensuality which left more desire than fear to experience it again from the same hand. It is certain, that, as there was, without doubt, a forward instinct of the sex in it, the same chastisement from her brother would not have appeared in the least pleasing. But from a man of his humour this substitution was not much to be feared, and if I did abstain from meriting correction, it was only for fear of vexing Miss Lambercier; for such an empire has benevolence established in me, and even that the senses have given birth to, they always give law to my heart.

This relapse, which I retarded without dreading, happened without my fault, that is my will, and I benefited by it, I may say with a safe conscience. But this second time was also the last: for Miss Lambercier, perceiving, doubtless, by some sign, that the chastisement did not answer the intention, declared she renounced it, and that it wearied her too much. Until then we lay in her chamber, and in the winter sometimes even in her bed. Two days after we were removed to another room, and I had in future the honour, which I could very well have done without, of being treated by her as a great boy.

Who would believe it, that this childish chastisement, received at eight years old from the hand of a girl of thirty, should decide my tastes, my desires, my passions, for the rest of my days, and that precisely in a contrary sense

sense to what might have been expected naturally to follow it? At the very time my senses were fired, my desires took so opposite a turn, that, confined to what they had experienced, they sought no farther. With blood boiling with sensuality almost from my birth, I preserved my purity from every blemish, even until the age when the coldest and backwardest constitutions discover themselves. Long tormented, without knowing by what, I devoured with an ardent eye every fine woman; my imagination recalled them incessantly to my memory, solely to submit them to my manner, and transform them into so many Miss Lamberciers.

Even after the marriageable age, this odd taste, always encreasing, carried even to depravity, even to folly, preserved my morals good, the very reverse of which might have been expected. If ever an education was modest and chaste, 'twas certainly that I received. My three aunts were not only people of an exemplary prudence, but of a reserve women have long since forgot. My father, a man of pleasure, but gallant after the old fashion, never advanced to those he loved a word which could make a virgin blush, and never, than in our family and before me, was shewn more of that respect we owe children. The same attention was found at Mr. Lambercier's on that article; a very good maid-servant was discharged for a word a little waggish she pronounced in our presence. Not only I had no distinct idea of the union of the sexes at the age of adolescence; but the confused idea
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never presented itself to me but as odious and disgusting. I had an aversion for public women, which never wore away; I could not see a debauched fellow without disdain, nor even without terror; for my abhorrence of debauchery was carried to this point, since, in going one day to the little Sacconex through a hollow way, I saw on each side cavities in the earth, where I was told these people copulated. What I had seen amongst dogs always struck me in thinking of others, and my stomach turned at this sole remembrance.

These prejudices of education, proper in themselves to retard the first explosions of a combustible constitution, were aided, as I have already said, by a diversion caused in me by the first motions of sensuality. Imagining no more than I felt, in spite of the effervescence of troublesome blood, I knew not how to carry my desires but towards that species of voluptuousness I was acquainted with, without quite reaching that which had been rendered hateful to me, and which drew so near the other, without my ever suspecting it. In my stupid fancies, in my erotic fury, in the extravagant acts to which they sometimes carried me, I borrowed, in imagination, the assistance of the other sex, without supposing it fit for any other use than that I burned to make of it.

I not only therefore thus passed my whole age of puberty with a constitution extremely ardent, extremely lascivious, and extremely forward, without desiring, without the knowledge of any other satisfaction of the senses than those Miss Lambercier innocently gave
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me an idea of; but when at last the progress of years had made me a man, it was that which might have destroyed me, that saved me. My old childish taste, instead of vanishing, so associated with the other, I could never remove it from those desires fired by the senses; and this folly, joined to my natural timidity, has always rendered me very little enterprising with women, for fear of saying all or not being able to do all, that sort of enjoyment, whereof the other was to me but the last stage, not being to be usurped by him who desires, or guessed at by her who can grant it. I have thus passed my days in coveting and in silence with those I most loved. Never daring to declare my taste, I at least amused it by relations which preserved its idea. To fall at the feet of an imperious mistress, obey her orders, have pardons to ask her, were for me the sweetest enjoyments, and the more my lively imagination enflamed my blood, the more I had the air of a whining lover. It is conceived this manner of making love is not attended by a rapid progress, nor is very dangerous to the virtue of its object. I have therefore possessed little, but have not been without enjoyment, in my manner; that is imaginary. Thus have the senses, agreeing with my timid humour and romantic mind, preserved my feelings pure and my morals chaste, by the same inclinations which, perhaps, with a little more effrontery, might have plunged me into the most brutal pleasures.

I have made the first step and the most painful in the obscure and dirty maze of my Confessions.

essions. 'Tis not criminality we are most unwilling to divulge; 'tis what is most ridiculous and shameful. Henceforward I am sure of myself; after what I have dared to disclose, nothing can be able to stop me. You may judge how much such acknowledgements cost me, since, during the whole course of my life, hurried sometimes away with those I loved, by the fury of a passion which deprived me of the faculty of sight, of hearing, out of my senses, and seized with a convulsive trembling all over my body, I could never take upon me to declare my folly, and to implore, during the most intimate familiarity, the only favour to be added to the rest. It never happened but once in my childhood, with a child of my age: besides, she it was who first proposed it.

In thus remounting to the first traces of my sensible being, I find elements, which, seeming sometimes incompatible, have not a little united to produce with force an uniform and simple effect; and I find others which, the same in appearance, have formed, by the concurrence of certain circumstances, so different combinations, that one would never imagine they had the least resemblance to each other. Who would believe, for instance, that one of the most vigorous springs of my soul was tempered in the same source from which luxury and ease was communicated to it? Without abandoning the subject I have just spoken of, I will shew you a very different impression it made.

I was one day studying alone in a chamber contiguous to the kitchen; the maid had put
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some of Miss Lamercier's combs to dry by the fire ; when she came to fetch them, she found the teeth of one of them broke : who suspect of this havock ? None besides myself had entered the room : they question me ; I deny having touched the comb ; Mr. and Miss Lamercier consult, exhort, press, threaten ; I persist obstinately ; but conviction was too strong, and carried it against all my protestations, though this was the first time they caught me in so audacious lies. The affair was thought serious ; it deserved it. The wickedness, the lie, the obstinacy, were thought equally worthy of punishment ; but this time it was not Miss Lamercier that inflicted it. My uncle Bernard was wrote to ; he came. My poor cousin was charged with another crime not less serious ; we were taken to the same execution. It was terrible. If, seeking the remedy even in the evil, they had intended for ever to allay my depraved senses, they could not have taken a shorter method ; and I assure you, they left me a long time at peace.

They could not force from me the acknowledgement they sought : this renewed several times, and thrown into the most dreadful situation, I was immoveable. I would have suffered death, and was resolved on it. Force itself was obliged to yield to the diabolical infatuation of a child ; for no other name was given to my constancy. In fine, I came out of this cruel trial in pieces, but triumphant.

It is now near fifty years since this adventure, and I am not afraid of being in future punished for the same fact. Well, I declare in
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the face of heaven, I was innocent ; that I neither broke nor touched the comb ; that I never came near the fire, nor ever thought of it. Let me not be asked how it happened ; I know not, nor can comprehend it ; all that I know of it is that I was innocent.

Figure to yourself a timid and docile character in common life, but ardent, haughty, invincible in his passions ; a child always governed by the voice of reason, always treated with mildness, equity, and complaisance ; who had not even the idea of injustice, and who, for the first time, experiences so terrible a one, from those, precisely, he most cherishes and respects. What a perverting of ideas ! what a disorder in the sentiments ! what confusion in the heart, in the brain, in all one's little being, intelligent and moral ! I say, let any one imagine to themselves all this, if possible ; for as to myself, I am not capable of discovering or following the least trace of what passed in me at the time.

I had not reason enough to feel how much appearances condemned me, and to put myself in the place of others ; I kept to my own, and all I felt was the rigour of a dreadful chastisement for a crime I had not committed. The foreness of my body, though violent, I scarcely felt ; I only felt indignation, rage, and despair. My cousin, in almost a like case, who had been punished for an involuntary fault as a premeditated act, grew furious by my example, and raised himself in a manner to unite with me. Both in the same bed embraced each other with convulsive transports ; we were suffocated ;
and

and when our young hearts, a little eased, could breathe out their indignation, we sat up in our bed, and began both of us crying out, an hundred times, with all our force, Carnifex! Carnifex! Carnifex!

I feel in writing this my pulse still rise; these moments would be continually present, were I to live an hundred thousand years. This first sentiment of violence and of injustice is so deeply graven on my soul, that every resembling idea brings back my first emotion; and this sentiment relative to me in its origin, has taken such a consistence, and is so far from personal interest, that my heart is inflamed at the sight or recital of an unjust action, whatever may be its object, or wheresoever it may be committed, as if the effect fell on me. When I read the history of a cruel tyrant, the subtle black actions of a knavish priest, I could set off heartily to stab these miscreants, though I should perish an hundred times in the attempt. I have often sweated in pursuing and stoning a cock, a cow, a dog, an animal, I saw torment another, only because he knew himself to be the strongest. This emotion may be natural to me, and I believe it is; but the profound remembrance of the first injustice I suffered, was too long and too strongly annexed not to have greatly strengthened it.

This was the end of my childish serenity. From this moment I ceased to enjoy pure happiness; and I feel even at this instant the remembrance of the charms of childhood stops there. We remained at Bossey a few months afterwards. We were there, as the first man

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is represented in the terrestrial paradise, but having ceased to enjoy it. It was in appearance the same situation, but in effect quite another sort of being. Attachment, respect, intimacy, confidence, no longer bound the pupils to their guides; we no longer thought them gods who could read our hearts; we were less ashamed to do wrong, and more fearful of being accused; we began to be sly, to mutter, and to lie. All the vices of our age corrupted our innocence and clouded our diversions; even the country lost in our eyes its alluring sweetness and simplicity which reach the heart: it seemed to us desert and gloomy; it was, as it were, covered with a veil which hid its beauties. We ceased to cultivate our little gardens, our herbs, and our flowers. We no more went to scrape up the earth, and cry out with joy, on discovering a shoot of the grain we had sown. We grew dissatisfied with this life; they grew tired of us; my uncle took us home, and we separated from Miss Lambercier, cloyed with each other, and little regretting our separation.

Near thirty years have passed away since I left Bossey, without having recollected my abode there, in an agreeable manner; by a remembrance a little coherent: but since I have passed the prime of life, and am declining towards old-age, I feel the same remembrance of things spring up again, while others wear away, and imprint themselves in my memory with a charm and a force which daily increases; as if finding already life flying from me, I seek to catch hold of it again, by its commencement.

ment. The least facts of those times pleased me for no other reason than that they were of those times. I recollect every circumstance of places, persons, and hours. I see the maid or the footman busy in the chamber, a swallow coming in at the window, a fly settling on my hand, while I was saying my lesson: I see the whole arrangement of the room we were in; M. Lambercier's closet on the right, a print representing all the popes, a barometer, a large calendar; raspberry-trees which, from a very elevated garden, in which the house stood low in the back of it, shaded the window, and sometimes came quite in. I know the reader has no occasion to be acquainted with all this; but I have occasion myself to tell it him. Why am I ashamed to relate equally every little anecdote of my happy years, which yet make me leap with joy when I recollect them. Five or six particularly—Let us compound. I will leave out five, but I will have one, only one; provided you let me lengthen it as much as possible, to prolong my pleasure.

If I sought yours only, I might chuse that of Miss Lambercier's backside, which, by an unlucky fall at the bottom of the meadow, was exposed quite bare to the king of Sardinia, as he was passing: but that of the walnut-tree on the terrace is more amusing to me, who was the actor, whereas at the fall I was only a spectator; and I own I could not find the least cause for laughing at an accident which, though odd in itself, alarmed me for a person I loved as my mother, and perhaps more.

VOL. I.

C

O you

O you curious readers of the grand history of the walnut-tree on the terrace, listen to the horrible tragedy, and abstain from trembling if you can.

There was on the outside of the court-door a terrace on the left hand on coming in, on which they often sat after dinner, but it had no shade: that it might have some, M. Lambercier had a walnut-tree planted there. The planting it was attended with solemnity: the two boarders were the godfathers, and whilst they were filling the hole, we each of us held the tree with one hand, singing songs of triumph. It was watered by a sort of basin round its foot. Every day, ardent spectators of this watering, we confirmed each other, my cousin and me, in a very natural idea, that it was nobler to plant trees on the terrace than colours on a breach, and we resolved to procure ourselves this glory, without dividing it with any one.

To do this, we went and cut the slips of a willow, and planted it on the terrace, at eight or ten feet from the august walnut-tree. We did not forget to make likewise a hollow round our tree; the difficulty lay in getting where-withal to fill it, for water was brought from a considerable distance, and we were not permitted to go out to fetch it: however, it was absolutely wanting to our willow. We made use of every wile to let it have some for a few days, and we so well succeeded, we saw it bud and throw out small leaves, whose growth was measured from hour to hour; persuaded, though
it

it was not a foot from the ground, it would not be long before it shaded us.

As our tree, taking up our whole time, rendered us incapable of any other application, of all study, we were as in a delirium, and the cause not being known, we were kept closer than before; we saw the fatal moment wherein our water would fall short, and were afflicted with the expectation of seeing our tree perish with drought. At last, necessity, the mother of industry, suggested an invention of saving our tree and ourselves from certain death; it was to make under ground a furrow which would privately conduct to the willow a part of the water they brought the walnut-tree. This undertaking, executed with ardour, did not succeed immediately: we took our descent so badly, the water did not run; the earth fell in and stopt up the furrow; the entrance was filled with filth; all went cross. Nothing dispirited us. *Omnia vincit labor improbus.* We cut our earth and our bason deeper to let the water run; we cut the bottom of boxes into little narrow planks, whereof some laid flat in a row, and others forming an angle from each side of them, made us a triangular channel for our conduit. At the entrance we placed small ends of thin wood, not close, which, forming a kind of grate, kept back the mud and stones without stopping the water. We carefully covered our work over with well-trodden earth, and the day it was finished, we waited, in agonies of hope and fear, the hour of watering. After ages of expectation, this hour at last came: M. Lambercier came also as usual

to assist at the performance, during which we got both of us behind him to hide our tree, to which happily he turned his back.

They had scarcely begun pouring the first pail of water, but we began to perceive it run to our basin: at this sight prudence abandoned us; we set up shouts of joy, which caused M. Lambercier to turn round—it was a pity; for he was pleasing himself greatly to see how greedily the earth of his walnut-tree swallowed the water. Struck at seeing it divide itself between two basins, he shouts in his turn; fees; perceives the roguery; orders, in haste, a pick-axe, gives a stroke, makes two or three of our planks fly, and hallooing with all his strength, *An aqueduc! an aqueduc!* he strikes on every side unmerciful strokes, every one of which reached the bottom of our hearts. In one moment the planking, the conduit, the basin, the willow, all were destroyed, all plowed up; without there having been pronounced, during this terrible expedition, any other word than the exclamation he incessantly repeated: *An aqueduc!* cried he, at the same time breaking up all, *an aqueduc! an aqueduc!*

You would think the adventure ended badly for the young architects. You mistake: the whole ended there. M. Lambercier never reproached us of it; did not shew us a different countenance, and said no more of it to us; we even heard him soon after laugh with his sister with all his might; for the laugh of M. Lambercier was heard afar; and, what is more astonishing, after the first sensation, we ourselves were

were not afflicted. We planted in another place another tree, and often called to mind the catastrophe of the first, repeating with emphasis to ourselves, *An aqueduc ! an aqueduc !* Till then I had fits of pride, by intervals, when I was Aristides or Brutus. This was my first movement of vanity quite visible. To have constructed an aqueduct with my own hands, having put a slip of wood in concurrence with a large tree, appeared to me a supreme degree of glory. At ten I judged better than Cæsar at thirty.

The idea of this walnut-tree, and the little history it relates to, was so well retained in my memory, that one of my most agreeable projects in my journey to Geneva in 1754, was to go to Bosley, and review my childish amusements, and particularly the beloved walnut-tree, which must at that time have been the third of a century old. I was so continually beset, and so little my own master, I could not obtain a moment to satisfy myself. There is little appearance of the occasion ever being renewed. I have not, however, lost the desire with the hope ; and I am almost certain, if ever I return to these charming spots, and should find my beloved walnut-tree still existing, I should water it with my tears.

Returned to Geneva, I passed two or three years at my uncle's, waiting till they should resolve what to do with me. As he devoted his son to genius, he was instructed in a little drawing, and he taught him himself the Elements of Euclid. I learnt all this being a companion, and it took my taste, particularly drawing. However,

it was debated, whether I was to be watch-maker, lawyer, or a minister. I liked best to be a minister, for I thought it very clever to preach; but the little income left by my mother, which was to be divided between my brother and me, was not sufficient to support my studies. As my age did not render the choice very pressing, I remained in the mean while with my uncle, losing, nearly, my time, not without paying, very justly, pretty dear for my board.

My uncle, a man of pleasure as well as my father, knew not like him how to submit to his duties, and took very little care of us. My aunt was devout, even a pietist, who preferred singing psalms to our education: they left us almost at an entire liberty, which we never abused. Always inseparable, we sufficed to each other, and not being inclined to frequent the rakes of our age, we learned none of those habits of libertinism our idle life might have prompted us to. I am to blame even to suppose us idle, for in our lives we were never less so; and the greatest happiness was, that every amusement which we successively pursued, kept us together employed in the house, without being inclined ever to go into the street. We made cages, pipes, kites, drums, houses, ships, and bows. We spoiled the tools of my good old grandfather, to make watches in imitation of him. We had particularly a taste of preference to daubing paper, drawing, washing, colouring, and spoiling colours. There came an Italian mountebank to Geneva, called Gamba Corta; we went once to see him, but would go no more: he had puppets—so we
set

set ourselves to making puppets; his puppets played a kind of comedy, and we made comedies for ours. For want of the practical, we counterfeited in our throat Punch's voice, to act these charming comedies; our good parents had the patience to see and hear: but my uncle Bernard having one day read to his family a fine sermon of his, we left our comedies, and began to compose sermons. These details are not very interesting, I allow; but it shews how much our first education must have been well directed, as that, masters almost of our time, and of ourselves in an age so tender, we were so little tempted to abuse it. We had so little need of play-fellows, we even neglected the occasion of seeking for them. When we were taking our walk, we regarded their play as we passed without coveting it, without even thinking of taking part in it. Friendship so much filled our hearts, it sufficed to be together that the simplest tastes should be our delight.

By being continually together we were remarked; the more so, as, my cousin being very tall and I very little, it made a couple pleasantly sorted. His long slender carcase, his small visage like a baked apple, his heavy air, his supine walk, excited the children to ridicule him. In the gibberish of the country, they gave him the nick-name of Barnâ Bredanna; and the moment we were out we heard nothing but Barnâ Bredanna all around us. He suffered it easier than I: I was vexed; I wanted to fight; it was what the young rogues wanted. I fought; I was beat. My poor cousin gave me all the assistance in his

power; but he was weak, at one stroke they knocked him down. 'Twas then I became furious. However, though I received some smart blows, 'twas not at me they were aimed, 't was at Barnâ Bredanna; but I so far encreased the evil by my mutinous passion, we could stir out no more but when they were at school, for fear of being hooted and followed by the scholars.

I am already become a redresser of grievances. To be a knight-errant in form, I only wanted a lady. I had two. I went from time to time to see my father at Nion, a small city in the Vaudois country, where he was settled. My father was much esteemed, and kindness was extended to his son on that account. During the short stay I made with him, 'twas who could receive me best. A Madam de Vulson particularly shewed me a thousand kindnesses, and, to fill up the measure, her daughter made me her gallant. Any one can tell what a gallant at eleven is to a girl of two-and-twenty. But these rogues are so glad to put their little puppets in the front to hide the great ones, or to tempt them by the show of a pastime they so well know how to render alluring. For my part, who saw between her and me no inequality, I took it up seriously; I gave into it with my whole heart, or rather with my whole head; for I was very little amorous elsewhere, though I was so even to madness, and that my transports, my agitations, and my fury, raised scenes that would make you die of laughing.

I am acquainted with two sorts of love, very distinct, very real, but not in the least allied,
though

though each are extremely violent, and both differ from tender friendship. The whole course of my life has been divided between these two loves of so different a nature, and I have even experienced them both at the same time; for instance, at the time I speak of, whilst I so publicly claimed Miss de Vulson so tyrannically that I could suffer no man to approach her, I had with Miss Goton meetings that were short enough, but pretty passionate, in which she thought proper to act the schoolmistress, and that was every thing; but this every thing, which was in fact every thing to me, appeared to me supreme happiness; and already perceiving the value of the mystery, though I knew how to use it only as a child, I restored back to Miss Vulson, who did not much expect it, the trouble she took in employing me to hide other amours. But, to my great mortification, my secret was discovered, or not so well kept by my little schoolmistress as by me; for we were soon separated.

This Miss Goton was in truth a singular person. Though not handsome, she had something difficult to be forgot, and that I too often, for an old fool, call yet to mind. Her eyes, in particular, were not of her age, or stature, or carriage. She had a little imposing and lofty air, extremely well adapted to her part, and which occasioned the first idea of any thing between us. But that most extraordinary in her was a mixture of impudence and reserve, difficult to conceive. She permitted herself the greatest familiarities with me, but never permitted me any with her; she treated me exactly

as a child. This makes me think, she had either ceased to be one, or that, on the contrary, she herself was still sufficiently so, as to perceive no more than play in the danger to which she exposed herself.

I belonged in a manner to each of these people, and so entirely, that with either of them I never thought of the other. But as to the rest, no resemblance in what they made me feel for them. I could have passed my days with Miss Vulson without a thought of leaving her; but on seeing her, my joy was calm, and did not reach emotion. I was particularly fond of her in a great company; her pleasantries, her ogling, even jealousy attached me to her: I triumphed with pride at a preference to great rivals she seemed to me to use ill. I was tortured, but I liked the torture. Applause, encouragement, smiles, heated me, animated me. I was passionate and furious; I was transported with love in a circle. Tête-a-tête I should have been constrained, dull, and perhaps sorrowful. However, I felt tenderly for her; I suffered if she was ill: I would have given my health to establish hers; and observe that I knew by experience what good and bad health was. Absent, I thought of her, she was wanting; present, her caresses came soft to my heart, not to my sense. I was familiar to her with impunity; my imagination asked nothing but she granted: I could, however, not have supported her doing as much for others. I loved her as a brother; but was jealous as a lover.

I should

I should have been so of Miss Goton as a Turk, a fury, or a tiger, had I only imagined she could grant others the same favours she did me; for these were asked even on my knees. I approached Miss de Vulson with an active pleasure, but without uneasiness; but at the sight of Miss Goton I was bewildered; every sense was overturned. I was familiar with the former, without taking liberties; on the contrary, trembling and agitated before the latter, even in the height of familiarity. I believe, had I remained too long with her, I could not have been able to live; my palpitations would have smothered me. I equally dreaded displeasing them; but was more complaisant to one, and more submissive to the other. I would not have angered Miss Vulson for the world; but if Miss Goton had commanded me to throw myself in the flames, I think I should instantly have obeyed her.

My amours, or rather my rendezvous with her, did not continue long, happily for her and me. Though my connections with Miss Vulson were not so dangerous, they were not without their catastrophe, after having lasted a little longer. The end of these affairs ought always to have an air a little romantic, and cause exclamation. Though my correspondence with Miss Vulson was less active, it was perhaps more endearing. We never separated without tears; and it is singular in what a burdensome void I found myself, whenever I left her. I could talk of nothing but her, or think of any thing but her; my sorrows were real and lively; but I believe, at bottom, these

heroic sorrows were not all for her, and that, without perceiving it, amusement, of which she was the centre, bore a good share in them. To soften the rigour of absence, we wrote each other letters, pathetic enough to split rocks. In fine, I had the glory of her not being able longer to hold out, and she came to see me at Geneva. This once my head was quite gone; I was intoxicated and mad the two days she staid. When she departed, I would have thrown myself into the water after her, and long did the air resound with my cries. The following week she sent me sweetmeats and gloves, which would have appeared gallant, had I not at the same time learnt her marriage, and that this journey, of which I thought proper to give myself the honour, was to buy her wedding-suit. I shall not describe my fury; it is conceived. I swore in my noble rage never more to see the perfidious girl; thinking she could not suffer a greater punishment. However, it did not occasion her death; for twenty years afterwards, on a visit to my father, being with him on the lake, I asked who were those ladies we saw in a boat not far from ours. How, says my father, smiling, does not your heart tell you? These are thy ancient amours, 'tis Madam Christin, 'tis Miss de Vulson. I started at the almost forgotten name; but I told the waterman to turn off, not judging it worth while, though I had a fine opportunity of revenging myself, to be perjured, and to renew a dispute twenty years past with a woman of forty.

Thus

Thus did I lose in foolery the most precious time of my childhood, before my destination was determined. After great deliberation on my natural dispositions, they determined on what was the most repugnant to them: I was sent to a M. Masseron, register of the city, to learn under him, as M. Bernard said, the useful science of a scraper. This nick-name displeased me soverely; the hopes of heaping money by ignoble means flattered but little my lofty temper; the employment appeared to me tiresome and insupportable; the assiduity and subjection completed my disgust, and I never went into the place where the registers are kept, but with a horror that encreased from day to day. M. Masseron, on his part, little satisfied with me, treated me with disdain, incessantly upbraiding me as a fool and a blockhead; repeating daily that my uncle assured I was *knowing*, *knowing*, whilst in fact I knew nothing; that he had promised him a sprightly boy, and had sent him an ass. In fine, I was turned out of the Rolls ignominiously as a fool, and the clerks of M. Masseron pronounced me fit for nothing but to handle the file.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice; not however to a watchmaker, but to an engraver. The contempt of the register humbled me extremely, and I obeyed without murmur. My master, named M. Ducommun, was a boorish, violent young man, who made a shift, in a very little time, to tarnish all the splendour of my childhood, to stupify my amiable and sprightly disposition, and to reduce my senses as well as my fortune to the true state
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of an apprentice. My Latin, my antiquities, history, all was for a long time forgotten : I did not even remember the world had ever produced Romans. My father, when I went to see him, saw no longer his idol ; the ladies found nothing of the gallant Jean-Jacques ; and I was myself so well convinced that Mr. and Miss Lambercier would no longer receive me as their pupil, that I was ashamed to be seen by them ; and since that time have I never seen them. The vilest inclinations, the basest tricks, succeeded my amiable amusements, without leaving me the least idea of them. I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great inclination to degenerate ; for I did so in the most rapid manner, and without the least trouble, and never did so forward a Cæsar so quickly become a Laidon.

The art itself did not displease me ; I had a lively taste for drawing ; the exercise of the graver pleased me well enough, and as the talent of a watch-case engraver is very confined, I hoped to attain perfection. I should have reach'd it, perhaps, if the brutality of my master, and excessive constraint, had not disgusted me with labour. I wasted his time, to employ it in occupations of my own sort, but which had in my eyes the charms of liberty. I engraved a kind of medals to serve me and my companions as an order of chivalry. My master surprized me at this contraband labour, and broke my bones, telling me I exercised myself in coining money, because our medals bore the arms of the republic. I can safely swear I had not the least idea of counterfeit, and very little of the real money.

I knew

I knew better how to make a Roman As, than one of our three-penny pieces.

My master's tyranny rendered the labour I should otherwise have loved insupportable, and drove me to vices I should have despised, such as falsehood, laziness, and theft. Nothing has so well taught me the difference between filial dependence and servile slavery, as the remembrance of the change it produced in me at this period. Naturally timid and bashful, no one fault was so distant from me as effrontery. But I enjoyed a decent liberty, which had only been restrained 'till then by degrees, and at last entirely vanished. I was bold at my father's, free at M. Lambercier's, discreet at my uncle's; I became fearful at my master's, and from that time was a lost child. Accustomed to a perfect equality with my superiors in their method of living, never to know a pleasure I could not command, to see no dish of which I did not partake, to have no wish but was made known, to bring, in fine, every motion of my heart to my lips; judge what I must be reduced to in a house where I dare not open my mouth, where I must leave the table without half filling my belly, and quit the room when I had nothing to do there, either incessantly chained to my work, seeing nothing but objects of enjoyment for others, and none for me; where the prospect of the liberty of my master and his journeymen increased the weight of my subjection; where, in disputes on what I was best acquainted with, I dare not speak; where, in fine, every thing I saw became for my heart an object I coveted for no other reason than

than because I was deprived of it. Farewel ease, gaiety, happy expressions, which before often caused my faults to escape chastisement. I cannot recollect without laughing, that one evening, at my father's, being ordered to bed for some prank without my supper, and passing through the kitchen with my sorry bit of bread, I saw and smelt the roast meat turning on the spit. People were round the fire; I must bow to every one as I passed. When I had been all round, eying the roast meat, which looked so nice, and smelt so well, I could not abstain from making that likewise a bow, and telling it, in a pitiful tone, Good bye roast meat! This folly of ingenuity appeared so pleasant, it procured my stay to supper. Perhaps it might have had the effect at my master's; but it is certain it would not have come to my mind, or that I had not dared to deliver it.

'Twas by this method I learnt to covet in silence, to be sly, dissimulate, lie, and to steal at last; a thought which till then never struck me, and of which since that time I could not entirely cure myself. Covetousness and inability to attain always leads there. This is the reason all footmen are thieves, and why all apprentices are so; but in an even and tranquil situation, when every thing they see is at command, they rose, as they grow up, this shameful propensity. Not having had the same advantage, I could not have the same benefit.

It is almost always good sentiments badly directed which turns children's first steps to ill. In spite of the continual wants and temptations, I had been near a year without being
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able to resolve on taking any thing, not even eatables. My first theft was an affair of complaisance; but it opened the door to others, which had not so commendable an end.

There was a journeyman at my master's, named M. Verrat, whose house, in the neighbourhood, had a garden at a considerable distance, which produced exceeding fine asparagus. M. Verrat, who had not much money, took in his head to rob his mother of her forward asparagus, and sell them for a few hearty breakfasts. As he did not chuse to expose himself, and was not very nimble, he chose me for this expedition. After a little preliminary flattery, which won me so much the readier as I did not perceive its end, he proposed it as an idea which that moment struck him. I opposed it greatly; he insisted. I never could resist flattery; I submitted. I went every morning and gathered the finest asparagus; I carried them to the Molard, where some good old woman, perceiving I had just stolen them, told me so to get them cheaper. In my fright I took what they would give me; I carried it to M. Verrat. It was soon metamorphosed into a breakfast, whereof I was the purveyor, and which he divided with another companion; for, as to me, very happy in a trifling bribe, I did not touch even their wine.

This game went on several days before it came into my mind to rob the robber, and to tythe M. Verrat's harvest of asparagus. I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity; my only motive was to please him who set me

to work. If, however, I had been taken, what a drubbing, what abuse, what cruel treatment should not I have undergone, while the miscreant, in belying me, would have been believed on his word, and I doubly punished for having dared to accuse him, because he was a journeyman, and I an apprentice only. Thus, in every state, the great rogue saves himself at the expence of the feeble innocent one.

I thus learnt that it was not so terrible to thieve as I imagined, and I made so good a use of my science, that nothing I wished for within my reach was in safety. I was not absolutely badly fed at my master's, and sobriety was no otherwise painful to me, than because I saw him keep so little within its bounds. The custom of sending young people from table when those things are served up which tempt them most, appeared to me well adapted to render them as liquorish as knavish. I became, in a short time, the one and the other, and found it answer pretty well in general; sometimes very ill, when I was found out.

A recollection which makes me even now shudder and smile at the same time, is of an apple hunt which cost me dear. These apples were at the bottom of a pantry, which by an high lattice received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed the maypole to see in the garden of the Hesperides the precious fruit I could not approach. I fetched the spit to see if it would reach so far: it was too short. I lengthened it with
another

another little spit which was used for small game; for my master loved hunting. I pricked at them several times without success; at last I felt with transport I was bringing an apple. I drew it very gently; the apple already touched the lattice; I was going to seize it. Who can express my grief? The apple was too big; it would not pass through the hole. What invention did I not make use of to pull it through? I was obliged to seek supporters to keep the spit right, a knife long enough to split the apple, a lath to hold it up. At length by schemes and time I attained its division, hoping afterwards to draw the pieces one after the other. But they were scarcely divided when they both fell into the pantry. Compassionate reader, partake of my affliction!

I did not lose courage; but I lost a deal of time. I dreaded being surprized; I put off 'till the morrow a happier trial; I return to my work as if nothing had happened, without thinking of the two indiscreet witnesses of my transaction, which I had left in the pantry.

The next day, seeing a fine opportunity, I make the other trial. I get up on my stool, I lengthen the spit, I aim, am just going to prick. . . . unfortunately the dragon did not sleep; all at once the pantry door opens; my master comes out, crosses his arms, looks at me, and says Bravo! . . . The pen drops out of my hand.

Very soon, by continual bad treatment, I grew less feeling: it seemed to me a sort of
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compensation for theft, which gave me a right to continue it. Instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward on the revenge. I judged that to beat me like a scoundrel, gave me a right to be so. I saw that to rob and to be beat went together, and constituted a sort of trade, and that by fulfilling that part of it which depended on me, I might leave the care of the other to my master. On this idea, I set to thieving with more tranquillity than before. I said to myself, What will be the consequence? I know the worst; I shall be beat: so be it; I am made for it.

I love to eat without avidity; I am sensual, but not greedy. Too many other tastes take that away from me. I never employed my thoughts on my appetite but when my heart was unoccupied; and this has so rarely happened, I seldom had time to think of good-eating. This was the reason I did not long confine myself to thieving eatables; I soon extended it to every thing I liked; and if I did not become a robber in form, 'twas because money never much tempted me. In the common room my master had a private closet locked; I found means to open the door, and shut it again, without its appearing. There I laid under contribution his best tools, his fine drawings, his impressions, all I had any mind to, and that he affected to keep from me. These thefts were innocent at the bottom, as they were employed in his service; but I was transported with joy at having these trifles in my power; I thought I stole the talent with its productions. Besides, he had
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in his boxes the filings of gold and silver, small jewels, pieces of value, and money. If I had four or five sous in my pocket, 'twas a great deal: however, far from touching, I don't recollect having glanced a wishful look at any of those things. I saw them with more terror than pleasure. I verily believe this dread of taking money and what produces it, was caused in a great measure by education. There were mixt with it secret ideas of infamy, prison, punishment, gallows, which would have made me tremble, had I been tempted; whereas my tricks appeared to me no more than waggery, and in fact were nothing else. The whole could occasion but a good trimming from my master, and I was prepared for that before-hand.

But once more, I say, I did not covet sufficiently to make me abstain; I saw nothing to dread. A sheet only of fine drawing-paper tempted me more than the money which would purchase a ream. This humour is the effect of one of the singularities of my character; and has had so much influence on my conduct as to merit an explanation.

I have passions extremely violent, and, whilst they agitate me, nothing can equal my impetuosity: I am a total stranger to discretion, respect, fear, or decorum; I am rude, saucy, violent, and intrepid; no shame can stop me, no danger can affright me. Beyond the sole object that employs my mind, the whole world is nothing to me: but all this lasts but for a moment, and the moment following I am a worm. Take me in my calm moments,

moments, I am indolence and timidity itself: the least thing startles and disheartens me; the humming of a fly makes me afraid; a word spoke, a shrug of the shoulders, alarms my laziness; fear and shame subdue me to such a degree, that I should be glad to hide myself from mortal eyes. When I am forced to act, I know not what to do; when forced to speak, I have nothing to say; if I am looked at, I am put out of countenance. When I am in a passion, I find sometimes enough to say; but in ordinary conversation I can find nothing, nothing at all: this is the sole reason I find it insupportable, because I am obliged to talk.

Add to this, none of my most favourite tastes consist in things to be purchased. I want none but pure pleasures, and money poisons them all. I love, for instance, those of the table; but not being able to suffer the constraint of good company, or the intemperance of taverns, I enjoy them only with a friend; for alone it is impossible: my imagination being busied on other things, I have no pleasure in eating. If my heated blood demands women, my beating heart demands love. Women who are to be bought have no charms for me; I doubt even whether my money would not be paid in vain. It is thus with every pleasure within my reach: when they are not gratis, I find them insipid. I am fond of things which are for none but those who know how to enjoy them.

Money never seemed to me so precious a thing as people think it: and more, it never
appeared

appeared to me a very convenient thing; it is good for nothing of itself; to enjoy it, you must transform it; you must buy, bargain, often be duped, pay dear, and be badly served. I want a thing good in quality; with my money I am sure to have it bad. I buy a new-laid egg dear, it is stale; the best fruit, it is green; a girl, she is tainted. I love good wine, but where shall I get it? At a wine-merchant's? Do what I will, he will poison me. Would I be perfectly well served? What attention, what trouble! Make friends, correspondents, send messages, write, go, come, wait, and often at last be deceived. What trouble with my money! I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thousand times during my apprenticeship, and since, I went out to buy something nice. I go near the pastry-cook's, I perceive women at the counter; I think I already see them laugh, and make a jest among themselves of the little greedy-gut. I pass by a fruit-shop; I leer sideways at the fine pears, their flavour is tempting; two or three young people close by watch me; a man who knows me is at the door; I see at a distance a girl coming; is it not our maid? My near sight presents a thousand illusions. I take all who pass for persons of my acquaintance: every where I am intimidated, restrained by some obstacle: my wishes increase with my shame, and I return at last like a fool, devoured with lust, having in my pocket wherewithal to satisfy it, without daring to buy any thing.

I should enter into the most insipid particulars, was I to follow the use of my money, whether

whether by myself, whether by others; the trouble, the shame, the repugnance, the inconvenience, the disgusts of all sorts I have always experienced. As I go on with my life, the reader, getting acquainted with my humour, will perceive all this without my fatiguing him with the recital.

This understood, one of my pretended contradictions will be easily comprehended, of reconciling an almost sordid avarice with the greatest contempt of money. 'Tis a moveable of so little use to me, I never think of desiring that I have not; and that, when I have any, I keep it a long time without spending it, for want of knowing how to employ it to my fancy: but does the agreeable and convenient occasion offer? I make ~~so~~ good use of it as to empty my purse without perceiving it. However, don't imagine that I have the trick of spending through ostentation; quite the reverse; I lay it out privately and for my pleasure: instead of glorying in expence, I hide it. I so well perceive that money is not for my use, I am almost ashamed to have any, much more to make use of it. If I had ever possessed an income sufficient to live commodiously, I should never, I am certain, have been tempted to be avaricious. I should spend my whole income without seeking to encrease it: but my precarious situation keeps me in fear. I adore liberty; I abhor constraint, trouble, or subjection. As long as the money lasts which I have in my purse, it insures my independence, it frees me from contriving to get more; a necessity I always detested: but
for

for fear of seeing it end, I make much of it: the money we possess is the instrument of liberty; that we pursue is the instrument of slavery. This is the reason I hold fast and covet nothing.

My disinterestedness is therefore nothing but laziness; the pleasure of having is not worth the trouble of acquiring; and my dissipation is likewise nothing but laziness: when the occasion of an agreeable expence offers, we cannot too readily lay hold of it. I am less tempted with money than things; for between money and the desired possession there is always an intermediate state, but between the thing and its enjoyment there is none. I see the thing, it tempts me; if I see the means of acquiring it only, it does not tempt me.

I have therefore been a rogue, and am yet sometimes, for trifles which tempt me, and that I had rather take than ask for. But little or big, I never recollect having in my life taken a farthing from any one; except once, not fifteen years ago, I stole seven livres ten sous. The story is worth telling; for there is seen in it a concurrence of impudence and stupidity I should find some difficulty to give credit to, had it regarded any one but myself.

It was at Paris. I was walking with M. de Francueil, at the Palais Royal, about five o'clock. He pulls out his watch, looks at it, and says to me, Let us go to the opera. With all my heart. We go. He takes two box tickets, gives me one, and goes in first with the other; I follow. In going in after him, I find the door crowded. I look; I see every body up;

I judge I might be lost in the crowd, or at least give reason to M. de Francueil to suppose me lost. I go out, ask for my ticket again, afterwards my money, and away I go, without thinking that I had scarcely reached the door when every one was seated, and that M. de Francueil saw plainly I was not there.

As nothing was ever so distant from my humour as this behaviour, I note it, to shew there are moments of a sort of delirium, when men are not to be judged by their actions. It was not precisely stealing the money; 'twas stealing the use of it: the less it was a robbery, the more infamous it was.

I should never end these accounts, was I to follow every track, through which, during my apprenticeship, I passed from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a villain. However, in taking the vices of my condition, it was not possible entirely to take its tastes. I grew tired of the amusements of my companions, and when too great restraint had likewise disgusted me of work, every thing hung heavy. This renewed my inclination for study, which had been long lost. Those studies, taking me off my work, became another crime, which brought on other punishments. This inclination by constraint became a passion, and very soon a furious one. La Tribu, famous for letting out books, supplied me with every kind of them. Good or bad, all went down; I never picked them: I read them all with the same earnestness. I read at my work, I read in going to do a message, I read in the necessary, and forgot myself for hours successively;

sively ; my brain was turned with reading ; I did nothing but read. My master watched me, surpris'd me, beat me, took my books. How many volumes were there not torn, burned, and thrown out at window ! What sets remained imperfect at La Tribu's ! When I had no money, I gave her my shirts, my cravats, my clothes, and my allowance of three pence a week was regularly carried there.

Thus, therefore, I might be told, money is become necessary. True ; but it was when reading had deprived me of all activity. Entirely given up to this new taste, I did nothing but read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my characteristic differences. In the heat of a certain habit of being, a nothing calls me off, changes me, fixes me, at last becomes passion, and then all is forgot. I think of nothing but the new object which employs me. My heart beat with desire to dip into the new book in my pocket ; I pulled it out the instant I was alone, and thought no more of pilfering my master's closet. I don't think I should have robbed even if my passions had been more expensive. Confined to the present moment, it did not reach my turn of mind to provide for futurity. La Tribu gave me credit ; it was but a trifle, and when once I had pocketed my book, I looked no farther. Money that came to me naturally pass'd to this woman ; and when she became pressing, nothing was at hand but my own things. To rob before-hand was too much foresight, and to rob to pay was no temptation.

By repeated quarrels, beatings, private and ill-chosen studies, my humour became reserved and wild, my head began to be impaired, and I led the life of an owl. However, though my taste did not preserve me from flat, unmeaning books, my good fortune preserved me from obscene and licentious ones; not but La Tribu, a woman in every respect very complaisant, would have made the least scruple at supplying me with them. But to raise their price, she named them with an air of mystery, which precisely forced me to refuse them, as much from disgust as shame; and chance so well seconded my modest humour, I was more than thirty years old before I first saw any one of these dangerous books.

In less than a year I ran through the thin shop of La Tribu, and then found my leisure hours cruelly unoccupied. Cured of my childish, rakish fancies by my taste for reading, and likewise by reading, which, though without choice, and often bad, brought back my heart, however, to nobler sentiments than my condition inspired; disgusted of all within my reach, and finding all that could tempt me, out of it; I saw nothing possible to flatter my heart. My senses, having beat high for some time, demanded an enjoyment of which I could not even imagine the object. I was as far from the proper one, as if I had been of no sex; and already young and tender, I sometimes thought of my follies, but I saw no farther. In this strange situation, my uneasy imagination took a resolution which tore me from myself, and calmed my growing sensuality. It was to contemplate

template those situations which had attracted me in my studies, to recal them, to vary them, to combine them, to apply them so much to myself as to become one of the personages I imagined; that I saw myself continually in the most agreeable situations according to my taste; in fine, that the fictitious situation in which I contrived to place myself, made me forget my real one, of which I was so discontented. This fondness of imaginary objects, and the facility of executing them, filled up the measure of disgust for every thing around me, and determined the inclination for solitude which has never left me since that time. We shall see more than once, in its place, the wild effects of this disposition, so unsociable and dull in appearance, but which proceed in fact from a heart too affectionate, too amorous, and too tender, which, for want of other beings which resemble it, is forced to be fed by fiction. It suffices, for the present, to have traced the origin and first cause of an inclination which has modified all my passions, and which, containing them by themselves, has always rendered me too lazy to act, by desiring with too much ardour.

Thus I reached sixteen, uneasy, discontented with every thing and with myself, without relish for my trade, without the pleasures of my age, gnawed by desires whose objects I was ignorant of, weeping without a subject of tears, sighing without knowing for what; in fine, caressing tenderly my chimeras, for want of seeing something around me that equalled them. On Sunday my companions came to

fetch me after sermon to take a part in their pastime. I would have gladly escaped them if I could; but once beginning to play, I was more eager and went farther than the best of them; difficult to be lead on or off. This was at all times my constant disposition. In our walks out of the city I was always foremost without dreaming of returning, unless some one thought for me. I was caught twice; the gates were shut before I could reach them. The next day I was treated as you may imagine, and the second time I was promised such a reception for the third, that I resolved never to expose myself to the danger of it. This third time so much dreaded happened nevertheless. My vigilance was rendered useless by a cursed captain called M. Minutoli, who always shut the gate, where he was on guard, half an hour before others. I was returning with two companions. At half a league from the city I hear them sound the retreat; I redouble my pace; I hear the drum beat; I run with all my might: I come up out of breath, all in a sweat: my heart beats; I see at a distance the soldiers at their post; I hasten; I cry with a suffocated voice. It was too late. At twenty steps from the advanced guard, I see the first bridge drawn up. I tremble to see in the air these terrible horns, the sinister and fatal augur of the inevitable fate this moment began for me.

In the first transport of rage I threw myself on the glacis, and bit the earth. My companions, laughing at their accident, immediately decided on what to do. So did I, but in
a quite

a quite different manner. On the very spot I swore I would never more return to my master's; and the next morning, when, at the hour of opening, they went into the city, I bid them farewell for ever, begging them only to acquaint privately my cousin Bernard of the resolution I had taken, and of the place where he might see me once more.

On my becoming an apprentice, being more separated from him, I saw him less. For some time, however, we met together on Sundays; but insensibly each of us took other habits, and we saw each other but seldom. I am persuaded his mother contributed much to this change. He was, for his part, a boy of *consequence*; I, a pitiful apprentice; I was nothing better than a boy from *St. Gervais*. Equality was no longer to be found between us in spite of our birth; 'twas degrading himself to frequent me. However, connections did not entirely cease between us; and as he was a boy naturally good, he sometimes followed his heart in spite of his mother's lessons. Having learnt my resolution, he hastens, not to dissuade me from it, or partake of it; but to throw in by trifling presents something agreeable in my flight; for my own resources would not carry me far. He gave me, among other things, a little sword, which greatly pleased me, and which I took as far as Turin, where want caused me to sell it; and I passed it, as they say, through my body. The more I have reflected since on the manner he behaved in this critical moment, the more I am persuaded he followed the instructions of his mother, and perhaps of his father; for it is not possible

but of himself he would have made some effort to retain me, or have been tempted to follow me: but no. He encouraged me in my design rather than dissuade me from it; and when he saw me quite resolved, he quitted me without many tears. We never more saw or wrote to each other; 'twas pity. He was of a character essentially good: we were made for each other's friendship.

Before I abandon myself to the fatality of my destiny, let me be permitted to turn my eyes one moment on that which naturally awaited me, had I fallen into the hands of a better master. Nothing agreed so well with my humour, or was more likely to make me happy, than the quiet and obscure condition of a good mechanic, in certain classes, particularly such as is at Geneva that of the engravers. This art, lucrative enough for an easy subsistence, but not sufficient to lead to a fortune, would have bounded my ambition for the remainder of my days, and, leaving me a decent leisure for cultivating my moderate tastes, it had kept me in my sphere without presenting me any means of going beyond it. Having an imagination rich enough to ornament with its chimeras any art, powerful enough to transport me, in a manner, as I chose from one to another, it signified little which in fact I fell into. It could not be so far from the place I was in, to the greatest castle in Spain, but it would have been easy for me to have established myself there. From whence only it followed, that the most simple condition, that which caused the least bustle or care, that which left the mind most at liberty, was

was best adapted to me ; and this was absolutely mine. I should have passed, in the bosom of my religion, of my native country, of my family and my friends, a calm and peaceable life, such as my character wanted, in the uniformity of a labour suited to my taste, and in a society according to my heart. I should have been a good christian, a good citizen, a good father, a kind friend, a good artist, a good man. I should have liked my condition, perhaps been an honour to it ; and after having passed an obscure and simple life, but even and calm, I should have died peaceably on the breasts of my own family. Soon forgot, doubtless, I had been regretted at least whenever I was remembered.

Instead of that——what a picture am I going to draw ? Ah ! we'll not anticipate the miseries of my life ; my readers will hear but too much of the doleful subject.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

T H E
C O N F E S S I O N S

O F

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

B O O K II.

AS much as the moment, when terror suggested the project of flight, had appeared afflicting, so much did that of executing it appear charming. Still a child, leaving my country, my parents, my support, my resources; an apprenticeship half finished, without knowing enough of the trade to subsist by it; to be given up to the horrors of misery, without perceiving the least means of getting out of it; in the age of weakness and innocence, to expose myself to every temptation of vice and despair; seek afar off misfortune, error, snares, slavery, and death, under a yoke more inflexible than that I could not bear—all this I was going to do; this was the perspective I ought to have held up. How different was that I painted to myself! The independence I thought I had acquired was the only sentiment which struck me. Free and my own master, I thought I could do every thing, attain all: I had but to launch, and I thought I could raise myself to fly

fly in the air. I entered with security into the vast space of the world; my merit was to fill it: at each step I expected to find feasting, treasures, and adventures, friends ready to serve me, mistresses eager to please me: I expected, on my appearance, the eyes of the universe to be fixed on me; not however the whole universe; I dispensed with that in some sort, I did not want so much; a pleasing society was sufficient without troubling my head about the rest. My moderation inscribed me in a narrow sphere, but deliciously chosen, where I was sure to carry the sway. One castle only satisfied my ambition. A favourite of the lord and lady, the young lady's gallant, her brother's friend, and the neighbour's protector, I was satisfied; I desired nothing more.

Awaiting this modest fortune, I fauntered a few days round the city, lodging with country-folks of my acquaintance, who all received me with more kindness than I should have found from inhabitants in the city. They welcomed me, lodged me, and fed me too well to claim the merit. This could not be called receiving alms; 'twas not attended by a sufficient air of superiority.

By great travelling and running about, I went as far as Confignon, in the country of Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. The parson's name was M. de Pontverre. This name, famous in the history of the republic, struck me greatly. I was curious to see how the descendants of the gentlemen of the spoon were formed. I went to see M. de Pontverre. He received me well, talked of the heresy of Geneva,

of the authority of our sacred mother the church, and gave me a dinner. I found very little to answer to arguments which finished in that manner; and judged that parsons who gave so good a dinner, were as good as our ministers. I was most certainly more learned than M. de Pontverre, gentleman that he was; but I was too knowing a guest to be so good a theologian; and his Frangi wine, which seemed to me excellent, argued so victoriously in his favour, I should have blushed to have stopped the mouth of so kind a host. I therefore yielded, or at least I did not openly resist. To have seen all the discretion I made use of, one would have thought me false; 'tis an error. I was only courteous, that is certain. Flattery, or rather condescension, is not always a vice; it is oftener a virtue, especially in young people. The kindness we receive from a man, attaches us to him; 'tis not to impose on him we submit; 'tis not to vex him, not return evil for good. What interest had M. de Pontverre in entertaining me, treating me kindly, and wanting to convince me? None but mine. My young heart told me so. I was touched with gratitude and respect for the good-natured priest. I was sensible of my superiority; I would not trouble him in return for his hospitality. There was no hypocritical motive in this conduct: I never thought of changing my religion, and so far from contracting a familiarity with the idea, I thought of it with a horror that should have long driven it from my mind: I only meant not to vex those who flattered me with
this

this view; I meant to cultivate only their benevolence, and leave them the hopes of success in seeming less armed than I really was. My fault in that respect resembled the coquetry of honest women, who sometimes, in order to gain their point, know, without permitting or promising any thing, how to cause more to be hoped than they ever intend to perform.

Reason, pity, and the love of order, certainly demanded, instead of giving into my folly, that I should be dissuaded from the ruin I was running into, and by sending me back to my friends. This is what any man, truly virtuous, would have done. But although M. de Pontverre was a good man, he was not a virtuous one. He was, on the contrary, a devotee, who knew no other virtue than worshipping images, and telling his beads; a sort of missionary, who imagined nothing better than writing libels against the ministers of Geneva. So far from thinking of sending me home again, he took the advantage of the desire I shewed to leave it, by putting it out of my power to return, even though I wished for it. It was a thousand to one but he was sending me to perish with hunger, or become a villain. He did not see this. He saw a soul taken from heresy, and restored to the faith. An honest man or a villain, what did that import, provided I went to mass? You must not imagine, however, this manner of thinking is peculiar to Catholics; it is that of every dogmatical religion whose essence is not to do, but to believe.

God

God has called you, says M. de Pontverre. Go to Annecy ; you will find there a good and charitable lady, that the king's goodness enables to turn souls from the errors she herself has quitted. He meant Madam de Warens, lately converted, whom the priests forced, in reality, to divide, with the blackguards who had sold them their faith, a pension of two thousand livres the king of Sardinia allowed her. I felt myself extremely mortified at having occasion to apply to a good and charitable lady. I had no objection to their supplying me with what I wanted, but not to their bestowing charity on me, and a devotee did not much please me. But being urged by M. de Pontverre, and by hunger at my heels ; glad likewise to make a journey and to have a prospect in view ; I determine, though with some trouble, and set off for Annecy. I could easily get there in a day ; but I did not hurry, I took three. I saw no country-seat to the right or the left, without going to seek the adventure I was sure awaited me there. I dared not enter, or knock ; for I was very timid ; but I sung under those windows which had the best appearance ; much surprised, after having tired my lungs, to find neither ladies nor their daughters appear, attracted by the fineness of my voice, or the grace of my song ; as I knew some charming ones my companions had taught me, and which I sung most admirably.

I at last arrive ; I see Madam de Warens. This period of my life has determined my character ; I could not resolve to pass it lightly over.

over. I was in the middle of my sixteenth year. Without being what is called a handsome fellow, I was well made for my small size: I had a smart foot, good leg, an easy air, sprightly physiognomy, delicate mouth, hair and eyebrows black, small eyes rather sunk, but which threw out forcibly the fire which heated my blood. Unfortunately I knew nothing of all this; for in my life I never thought my person worth a thought, but when it was too late to make any thing of it. Thus I had, with the timidity of my age, a natural one very amiable, always uneasy for fear of displeasing. Besides, though my mind was pretty well furnished, not having seen the world, I totally failed in its manner; and my judgment, far from assisting, served only to intimidate me more, in making me sensible how little I had.

Fearing therefore my presence might prejudice me, I took a different advantage; I wrote a fine letter in the style of an orator, where tacking the phrases of books to the expression of an apprentice, I displayed all my eloquence to captivate the benevolence of Madam de Warens. I put M. de Pontverre's letter into mine, and set out for this terrible audience. I did not find Madam de Warens; I was told she was just gone to church. It was on Palm-Sunday, in the year 1728. I ran after her: I see her, I come up with her, I speak to her—I ought to remember the place; I have often since that watered it with my tears, and covered it with kisses. Why can't I surround with pillars of gold this happy spot? Why can't.

can't I persuade the whole earth to worship it? Whoever is fond of honouring monuments of the salvation of the human species, ought not to approach it but on their knees.

It was in a passage behind the house, between a rivulet on the right hand, which separated it from the garden, and the wall of the yard on the left, leading by a private door to the church of the Cordeliers. Just going in at this door, Madam de Warens turns round on hearing my voice. How did I change at this sight! I expected to see a devout grim old woman: M. de Pontverre's good woman could be nothing else in my opinion. I see a face loaded with beauty, fine blue eyes full of sweetness, a complexion that dazzled the sight, the contour of an enchanting neck. Nothing escaped the rapid glance of the young proselyte; for I instantly became hers, certain that a religion preached by such missionaries must lead to heaven. She takes, smiling, the letter I present with a trembling hand, opens it, runs over M. de Pontverre's, returns to mine, which she read through, and which she would have read again, had not the servant told her the service was begun. So! child, says she with a voice which startled me, you are running about the country very young; 'tis pity, indeed. And without waiting my answer, she added, Go to my house; tell them to give you some breakfast: after mass I'll come and speak to you.

Louise-Eléonore de Warens was a young lady of La Tour de Pil, a noble and ancient family of Vevay, a city in the country of Vaud.

She

She was married very young to M. de Warens, of the house of Loys, eldest son of M. de Villardin, of Laufanne. This marriage, which produced no children, not turning out well; M. de Warens, driven by some domestic uneasiness, took the opportunity of King Victor Amédée's presence at Evian of passing the lake, and throwing herself at the feet of this prince; thus abandoning her husband, her family, and her country, by a giddiness nearly resembling mine, which she likewise lamented at her leisure hours. The king, who loved to affect the zealous catholic, took her under his protection, gave her a pension of fifteen hundred livres of Piedmont, which was a great deal for a prince so little profuse; but perceiving, that, from this reception, he was thought amorous, he sent her to Annecy, escorted by a detachment of his guards, where, under the direction of Michel Gabriel de Bernex, titular bishop of Geneva, she made her abjuration at the convent of the Visitation.

She had been there six years when I came, and was then eight-and-twenty, being born with the century. She possessed those beauties which remain, because they are more in the physiognomy than in the features: hers was therefore in its first splendor. Her air was caressing and tender, her look extremely mild, the smile of an angel, a mouth the size of mine, her hair of an ash colour, of uncommon beauty, to which she gave a neglected turn which rendered it very smart. She was of a small stature, short, and thick in the waist, though without deformity. But
it

it was impossible to see a finer face, a finer neck, more beautiful hands, or well-turned arms.

Her education was a mixture. She had, like me, lost her mother at her birth, and indifferently receiving instruction as it came, she learnt a little of her governant, a little of her father, a little of her masters, and a great deal from her lovers; particularly a M. de Tavel, who having taste and knowledge, adorned with them the person he loved. But so many different sorts of knowledge hurt each other, and the little regularity she bestowed on them prevented these several studies from extending the natural clearness of her mind. Thus, though she had some of the principles of moral and natural philosophy, she still retained the taste of her father for empirical medicine and chemistry; she prepared elixirs, tinctures, balsams, magistery, and pretended she possessed secrets. Quacks and cheats, seeing her weakness, beset her, ruined her, and consumed, amidst furnaces and drugs, her mind, her talents, and her charms, which might have been the delight of the noblest society.

But although these vile knaves abused her education, ill directed, to darken the lights of her reason, her excellent heart was proof, and remained always the same: her amiable and mild character, her feelings for misfortunes, her unbounded goodness, her sprightly humour, open and free, never changed, not even at the approach of age: plunged into indigence, ills, and divers calamities, the serenity

nity of her noble soul preserved, to the last, all the chearfulness of her happy days.

Her errors proceeded from a fund of inexhaustible activity, which incessantly demanded employment. It was not the intrigues of women she wanted, 'twas planning and directing new undertakings. She was born for great affairs. Madam de Longueville, in her place, would have been a mere pretender; she, in Madam de Longueville's place, had governed the state. Her talents were misplaced, and that which would have raised her to honour in a more exalted station, ruined her in that she lived. In things within her reach she always drew her plan in her mind, and always comprehended her object. This was the cause, that, by employing means proportioned to her view, more than to her strength, she miscarried by others faults; and, her plan failing, she was ruined, where others would hardly have lost any thing. This inclination for business, which brought on her so many evils, was of great service to her in her monastic asylum, in preventing her from passing the remainder of her days there as she intended. The uniform and simple life of a nun, the silly gossiping of their parlour, could never flatter a mind always in motion, which, forming each day new systems, wanted liberty to expand itself. The good bishop de Bernex, with less wit than Francis of Sales, resembled him in many points; and Madam de Warens, whom he called his child, and who resembled Madam de Chantal in many others, might have resembled her in her retirement, had not her taste
diverted

diverted her from the laziness of a convent. It was not want of zeal that prevented this amiable woman from giving herself up to the trifling formalities of devotion which seemed necessary to a new convert under the direction of a prelate. Whatever was her motive for changing her religion, she was sincere in that she had embraced. She might repent for having committed the fault, but she did not desire to return to her former profession. She not only died a good catholic, she lived one in good earnest; and I dare affirm, I who think I have read the bottom of her soul, that it was solely aversion to grimace that she did not act the devotee in public. She had a piety too solid to affect devotion. But this is not the place to enlarge on her principles; I shall find other occasions to speak of them.

Let those who deny the sympathy of hearts explain, if they can, how, on the first interview, the first word, the first look, Madam de Warens inspired me, not only with the liveliest passion, but a perfect confidence, which was always retained. Suppose what I felt for her was really love; which would, however, appear very doubtful to those who will follow the history of our amity; why was this passion accompanied from its birth with sentiments it least inspires; the tranquillity of the heart, calmness, serenity, security, assurance—How in approaching, for the first time, an amiable, polite, and dazzling woman; a lady in a superior situation to mine, and such as I had never access to before; her on whom depended my destiny, in some measure,

sure, by the interest, more or less, she might take in it; how, I say, with all this, do I find myself as free, as easy, as if perfectly sure of pleasing her? Why had not I a moment's perplexity, timidity, or constraint? Naturally bashful and discountenanced, having seen nothing, why did I take the first day, the first instant, the freedom of manner, the tender language, the familiar style, I had ten years afterwards, when the closest intimacy had rendered them natural to me? Do we feel love, I don't say without desires, for I had them; but without uneasiness, without jealousy? Would not one, at least, know from the object we love, whether we are loved? That is a question which no more came into my mind ever once to ask her, than to ask whether I was loved by myself; nor was she ever more curious with me. There certainly was something very singular in my feelings for this charming woman, and you will find, by the sequel, extravagances you do not expect.

The question was what was to be done with me, and to talk of it more at leisure she kept me to dinner. This was the first meal of my life where I wanted appetite; and her woman, who waited at table, said too, I was the first traveller of my age and of my sort she had seen wanting it. This remark, which did not hurt me in the mind of her mistress, fell a little hard on a great fellow who dined with us, and devoured to his own share a meal sufficient for six people. As to me, I was in an extacy that did not permit me to eat. My heart
was

was fed by a feeling quite new, which engrossed my whole being; it left me no knowledge for other functions.

Madam de Warens wanted to know the particulars of my little history: I once more found, in telling it her, all the heat I had lost at my master's. The more I engaged this excellent soul in my favour, the more she complained of the fate to which I was going to expose myself. Her tender compassion appeared in her mien, in her looks, and in her gesture. She dared not exhort me to return to Geneva. In her situation 'twas a crime of high treason against catholicism, and she was not ignorant how much she was watched, and how her conversation was weighed. But she spoke in so touching a tone of my father's affliction, you might plainly see she would have approved of my going to console him. She did not know how much, without thinking on't, she pleaded against herself. Besides, my resolution was taken, as I think I told her: the more I found her eloquent and persuasive, and the more her discourse reached my heart, the less I could resolve to separate from her. I saw that to return to Geneva was raising an almost insurmountable barrier between her and me, without returning in the steps I had taken, and to which it was as well to keep at once. I therefore kept to it. Madam de Warens, seeing her endeavours fruitless, did not proceed so as to expose herself: but, says she, with a look of compassion, Poor little fellow, thou must go where God calls thee; but when thou art grown up, thou wilt remember me. I fancy she

she did not think this prediction would be so cruelly accomplished.

The whole difficulty still remained: How subsist so young from my own country? Scarcely reached half my apprenticeship, I was far from knowing my trade. Had I known it, I could not live by it at Savoy, a country too poor for arts. The great fellow who dined for us, obliged to make a pause to relieve his jaws, gave an advice which he said came from heaven, but which, to judge by its effects, came rather from the contrary place. It was that I should go to Turin, where, in an hospital, founded for the instruction of the catechumens, I should have, said he, temporal and spiritual food, until, belonging to the church, I should find, by the charity of good people, a place that would suit me. As to the expences of the journey, his Highness my Lord Bishop will not be backward, when Madam proposes this holy work, in providing in a charitable manner for it; and Madam the Baroness, who is so charitable, said he, leaning over his plate, will with earnestness, certainly, contribute likewise.

I thought all these charities very afflicting: my heart was full; I said nothing; and Madam de Warens, without catching at this project with the ardour it was offered, contented herself with saying every one ought to contribute to good according to their abilities, and that she would speak of it to his Lordship: but this devil of a man, who dreaded she would not speak to his wishes, and who had a trifling interest in the business, ran and acquainted the

the almoners, and so well instructed these good-natured priests, that when Madam de Warens, who dreaded the journey, would have spoken of it to the Bishop, she found it was an affair settled, and he instantly gave her the money destined for my little viaticum. She dared not ask my stay; I was approaching the age when a woman like her could not decently want to keep a young man with her.

My journey being thus regulated by those who were so careful of me, I was obliged to submit, and I did it even without much repugnance. Although Turin was farther than Geneva, I imagined, that, being the capital, it had relation with Annecy more than with a city which was foreign to its state and religion: besides, departing to obey Madam de Warens, I looked on myself as still living under her direction; 'twas more than living in her neighbourhood. In fine, the idea of a great journey flattered my wandering fancy, which already began to shew itself. It seemed a fine thing to me to pass the mountains at my age, and to raise myself above my companions by the whole height of the Alps. To see the world is an allurement a Genevan rarely resists; I therefore gave my consent. My great fellow was to set off within two days with his wife; I was intrusted and recommended to them, as was likewise my purse, which was increased by Madam de Warens: she likewise secretly gave me a little stock, to which she added ample instructions; and we set off on Ash-Wednesday.

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The day after I left Annecy, my father, who had traced me, arrived, with a M. Rival, his friend, a watchmaker like himself, a man of sense, of letters even, who wrote verse better than La Motte, and spoke almost as well as he; nay more, he was a perfectly honest man, but whose misplaced learning only served to make his son an actor.

These gentlemen saw Madam de Warens, and contented themselves with lamenting my fate, with her, instead of following and overtaking me, which they might have done with ease, being on horseback and I on foot. The same thing happened with my uncle Bernard. He came as far as Confignon, and from thence, knowing I was at Annecy, he returned to Geneva. It seemed my relations conspired with my stars to give me up to the destiny which awaited me. My brother was lost by a like negligence, and so thoroughly lost they never knew what became of him.

My father was not only a man of honour; he was a man of great probity, and had one of those generous souls which produce shining virtues. Besides, he was a good father, particularly to me. He loved me very tenderly, but he also loved pleasure, and other inclinations had a little cooled paternal affection since I lived a great distance from him. He married again at Nion; and although his wife was not of an age to give me brothers, she had relations: that made another family; he had other objects, other connections, which did not often recal me to his memory. My father was growing old without any support for old-age. My brother and

I had a trifling legacy by my mother, the interest of which was for my father during our absence. The idea did not strike him directly, or prevent him from doing his duty; but it acted sullenly without his perceiving it, and sometimes slackened his zeal, which he had carried farther without it. This is, I think, the reason, that, once traced as far as Annecy, he did not follow me quite to Chambery, where he was morally sure to come up with me. This is also the reason, that, going often to see him since my flight, he always shewed me the caresses of a father, but without great efforts to detain me.

This conduct of a father, whose tenderness and virtue I was so well acquainted with, has caused me to make reflections on myself, which have not a little contributed to keep my heart sound. I drew from it this great maxim of morality, the only one perhaps in practical use, to shun those situations which put our duty in opposition with our interests, and which shew us our good in the misfortunes of others; and that in such situations, however sincere a love for virtue we bear, we weaken sooner or later without perceiving it, and become unjust and wicked in fact, without ceasing to be just and innocent at the heart.

This maxim, strongly inprinted on my heart, and put in practice in all my conduct, though a little late, is one of those which have given me the most whimsical and foolish appearance, not only among the public, but more particularly among my acquaintance. I have been charged with being original, and not doing
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like others. In fact, I thought little of doing either like others or otherwise than they did. I sincerely desired to do what was right. I avoided, as much as possible, those situations which procured me an interest contrary to that of another man, and consequently a secret, though involuntary desire of hurting that man.

Two years ago, my Lord Maréchal would have put me down in his will. I opposed it with all my power. I wrote him word I would not for the world know I was in any man's will, and much less in his. He complied; at present he offers me an annuity, I don't oppose it. They'll say I find my account in this change: that may be. But, oh! my benefactor, my father, if I have the misfortune to survive you, I know that in losing you I lose every thing, and that I shall not get by it.

This is, according to me, sound philosophy, the only one that truly suits the human heart. I am every day more penetrated with its great solidity, and have resumed it in different manners in my late works: but the public, who are frivolous, have not been able to remark it. If I survive the completion of this undertaking long enough to begin another, I propose giving, in a continuation of *Emilius*, an example so charming and so striking of this same maxim, that my readers shall be forced to observe it. But here are reflections enough for a traveller; it is time to go on my journey.

I made it more agreeable than might be expected, and my clown was not so morose as he appeared. He was a man of a middle age, wore his grizzly black hair cued; a grenadier's

air, strong voice, gay enough, a good walker, a better eater, and who was of all trades, for want of knowing any one. He proposed, I think, to establish at Annecy I don't know what manufactory. Madam de Warens did not fail to give into the project, and it was to get it approved by the minister, he undertook, expences which were well repaid him, the journey to Turin. This man had the talent of intrigue in pushing himself always amongst the priests, and, affecting a readiness to serve them, he had learnt at their school a certain devout jargon which he incessantly made use of, setting himself up as a great preacher. He also knew a Latin passage of the Bible, and it was as if he had known a thousand; for he repeated it a thousand times a day: but rarely in want of money, when he knew of any in others purses: more cunning, however, than knavish; and dealing out, in the tone of a mountebank, his paltry sermon, he resembled the hermit Peter preaching his crusade, with his sword by his side.

As to Madam Sabran, his wife, she was a good-natured woman enough, quieter by day than by night. As I always lay in their chamber, her noisy watchings often awoke me, and would have awakened me much more, had I known the cause: but I did not even suspect it; I was in the chapter of dulness, which left to nature only the whole care of my instruction.

I got on gaily with my pious guide and his bucksome companion. No accident troubled our journey; I was in the most happy situation

tion of body and mind I ever was in my days. Young, vigorous, full of health, security, and confidence in myself and others, I was in that short but precious moment of life, when its expansive plenitude extends in a manner our being over all our sensations, and embellishes, in our eyes, all nature with the charms of our existence. My sweet uneasiness had an object which rendered it less wandering, and fixed my imagination. I looked on myself as the work, the pupil, the friend, almost the lover of Madam de Warens. The obliging things she said to me, the little caresses she gave me, the tender concern she seemed to have for me, her charming looks, which appeared to me full of love, because they inspired me with love; all this fed my ideas during the way, and made me rave deliciously. No fear, no doubt of my fate, troubled these dreams. To send me to Turin was, in my opinion, to give me life, to place me agreeably. I had no apprehension about myself; others had taken those cares on them. Thus I walked on lightly, eased of that weight: youthful desires, enchanting wishes, brilliant projects, filled my thoughts. Every object I saw seemed to warrant my approaching felicity. In the houses I imagined rural feasting, in the meadows wanton games, along the river baths, walks, and fish, on the trees delicious fruit, under their shade voluptuous meetings, on the mountains tubs of milk and cream, a charming laziness, peace, simplicity, and the pleasure of going one don't know where. In fine, nothing struck my sight without carrying to my heart

some inticement to enjoyment. The grandeur, the variety, the real beauty of the prospect, rendered these delights worthy of my reason. Vanity too threw in its mite. So young and go to Italy, already to have seen so much country, to follow Hannibal across the mountains, seemed a glory beyond my age. Add to all this, frequent and good repose, a good appetite and plenty to satisfy it; for faith it was not worth while to let me want, and at the table of M. Sabran what I eat could not be missed.

I don't recollect to have had, in the whole course of my life, an interval more perfectly exempt from cares and trouble, than the seven or eight days we took to make this journey; for the pace of Madam Sabran, by which ours was regulated, made it no more than a long walk. This remembrance has left me a lively relish for every thing which resembles it, particularly for mountains and journeys on foot. I journeyed on foot in my best days only, and always with delight. Very soon business, luggage to carry, forced me to act the gentleman and take a carriage: care, embarrassment, and constraint, got in with me; and from that time, instead of feeling, as I used to do in my former journeys, nothing but the pleasure of going, I felt nothing so much as the desire of getting to the end. I long sought at Paris for two companions of the same turn as myself, who would devote fifty guineas from their pockets, and a twelvemonth's time, to make together, and on foot, the tour of Italy, without any other incumbrance than a young fellow

low to carry a bag for our night-shirts. Many offered, much pleased in appearance with the project; but at bottom, taking the whole as a mere castle in the air, which we talk over in conversation without intending to execute it in fact. I remember, that, speaking with delight of this project to Diderot and Grimm, I at last gave them a fancy to it. I once thought it a thing done; but the whole ended in making a journey on paper, in which Grimm found nothing so pleasing as to make Diderot do a great many impious actions, and to thrust me in the Inquisition in his place.

My regret at arriving so soon at Turin, was alleviated by the pleasure of seeing a great city, and by the hope of soon figuring there in a manner worthy of me; for the fumes of ambition had already reached my head: I already regarded myself as much above the condition of an apprentice; I was far from foreseeing that in a short time I should be much below it.

Before I proceed farther, I ought to make to the reader my excuse or justification, as well for the trifling narrations I have just entered into, as for those I may enter into afterwards, and which have nothing engaging in his eyes. In the work I have undertaken of exposing myself entirely to the public, nothing of myself must remain obscure or hidden; I must keep myself incessantly under their eye, that they may follow me, through all the wanderings of my heart, into every recess of my life, for fear lest, finding in my relation the least void, the least gap,

it should be said, What was he doing all that time? or I should be accused of not having told all. I give scope enough to the malignity of men, by my relation, without giving still more by my silence.

My little stock was gone; I had been babbling, and my indiscretion was not to my conductors an entire loss. Madam Sabran found means to get from me even a little ribband, embroidered with silver, which Madam de Warens had given me for my little sword, which I regretted more than all the rest: the sword had also remained with them, had I been less obstinate. They faithfully defrayed my expences on the journey, but had left me nothing. I arrive at Turin without cloaths, without money, and without linnen; and leaving wholly to my sole merit all the honour of the fortune I was going to make.

I had letters; I carried them, and was immediately led to the Hospital of the Catechumens, to be instructed in a religion for which they sold me my subsistence. In going in I saw a large door with iron bars, which when I had passed was double-locked on my heels. This beginning appeared to me more imposing than agreeable, and began to set me thinking, when I was conducted to a pretty large room. All the furniture that was there was a wooden altar, with a large crucifix on it, at the bottom of the room, and around it, four or five chairs, also of wood, which appeared to have been rubbed with wax, but which shone only from continual rubbing. In this assembly-hall were four or five frightful
ban-

banditti, my companions of instruction, but which seemed rather the devil's body-guard than candidates for the kingdom of God. Two of these villains were Esclavonians, who called themselves Jews or Moors, and who, as they owed to me, passed their time in running over Spain and Italy embracing Christianity, and being baptized wherever the produce was worth the labour. Another door of iron was opened, which divided in two a large balcony that gave into the court. By this door entered our sisters the catechumens, who like me were going to be regenerated, not by baptism, but by a solemn abjuration. They were the greatest sluts and the nastiest street-walkers that ever bestunk the flock of our Lord. One only seemed pretty and engaging enough. She was nearly of my age, perhaps a year or two older. She had roguish eyes, which now and then met mine. That gave me some desire to be acquainted with her; but during almost two months she remained in this house, where she had already been three, it was impossible to accost her. So much was she recommended to our old jailor's wife, and watched by the holy missionary, who laboured for her conversion with more zeal than diligence. She must have been extremely stupid, though she did not appear so; for never was so long an instruction. The holy man never found her in a state to abjure; but she grew weary of her cloister, and said she would go out christian or not. They were obliged to take her at the word while she yet consented to become one, for fear she should grow refractory, and hear no more of it.

The little community was assembled in honour of the new comer. They made us a short exhortation; to me, to engage me to correspond with the favour God bestowed on me; to the others, to invite them to grant me their prayers, and edify me by their example. This done, our virgins being returned to their cloister, I had time to contemplate, quite at my ease, that wherein I found myself.

The next morning we were again assembled for instruction: it was then I began to reflect, for the first time, on the step I was about to take, and on the proceedings which brought me there.

I have said, I repeat, and shall repeat, perhaps, a thing whereof I am every day more persuaded; which is, that, if a child ever received an education reasonable and sound, it was I. Born of a family whose morals distinguished it from the vulgar, I received none but lessons of prudence, and examples of honour from all my relations. My father, though a man of pleasure, had not only great honour, but a deal of religion. Gallant in the world, and a christian in the interior, he suggested to me those sentiments with which he was penetrated. Of my three aunts, all prudent and virtuous, the two eldest were devotees; the third, a girl at the same time full of grace, wit, and sense, was perhaps more so than them, though with less ostentation. From the bosom of this estimable family, I went to M. Lambercier's, who, though of the church and a preacher, believed inwardly, and acted

acted almost as well as he said. His sister and himself cultivated, by gentle and judicious instruction, the principles of piety they found in my heart. These worthy people employed, to that end, means so apt, so discreet, and so reasonable, that, far from wearying me with their sermon, I never left it without being internally touched, and making resolutions to live well, in which, by seriously thinking on it, I rarely failed. At my aunt Bernard's, devotion was a little more tiresome, because she made a science of it. At my master's, I thought little more of it, without, however, thinking differently. I found no young people to pervert me. I became a blackguard, but not a libertine.

I had then as much religion as a child of the age I was of could have: I had even more, for why should I now disguise my thoughts? My childhood was not that of a child. I felt, I thought always as a man. 'Twas only in growing up I returned to the ordinary class; at my birth I left it. I shall be laughed at thus to give myself out for a prodigy. Be it so; but when they have laughed heartily, let them find a child that at six years old a romance affects, moves, and transports, to a degree of weeping showers of tears; I shall then see my ridiculous vanity, and will agree I am wrong.

Thus, when I said we should not converse with children on religion, if we wished they might one day have any, and that they were incapable of knowing God, even after our manner; I drew my sentiment from my obser-

vations, not from my own experience: I knew it was not conclusive to others. Find J. J. Rousseaus at six years old, and talk to them on God at seven, I will be answerable you run no hazard.

It is understood, I suppose, that for a child, or even a man, to have religion, is to follow that he was born in. Sometimes you take from it; rarely add to it: dogmatical faith is the fruit of education. Besides this common principle which tied me to the religion of my forefathers, I had the peculiar aversion of our city for catholicism, which we were taught was dreadful idolatry, and whose clergy were painted in the blackest colours. This sentiment was carried so far in me, that, at the beginning, I never glanced towards the inside of a church, never met a priest in his surplice, never heard the bell of a procession, without shaking with terror and affright, which soon left me in cities, but has returned in the country parishes that had more resemblance to those where I first experienced it. It is true, this impression was singularly contrasted by the remembrance of the caresses which the priests of the environs of Geneva bestow on the children of the city. At the same time the hand-bell for the viaticum made me afraid, the bells for mass or vespers reminded me of a breakfast, a collation, fresh butter, fruits, or milk. The good dinner at M. de Pontverre's still produced a great effect. Thus was I easily turned from those thoughts. Considering popery only as it related to amusement or guttling, I accommodated

dated myself, without trouble, to the idea of living in it: but that of solemnly entering into it, never presented itself to me but in a passing manner, and in a very distant futurity. At this time there was no means of changing: I saw, with the most violent horror, the sort of engagement I had made, and its inevitable consequence. The future Neophytes I had around me were not adapted to support my courage by their example; I could not dissimulate that the holy deed I was going to perform was, at the bottom, but the action of a cut-throat. Though still young, I saw, that, whatever religion was the true one, I was going to sell mine; and that, though I should even chuse well, I was going, from the bottom of my heart, to lie to the Holy Ghost, and merit the contempt of mankind. The more I thought on it, the more I despised myself; I trembled at the fate that had led me there, as if this fate was not my own doing. Sometimes these reflections were so powerful, that, if I had seen the door open one instant, I should certainly have gone out of it; but it was not possible, and this resolution did not hold, neither, very strong.

Too many secret desires combatted it not to vanquish. Besides, the obstinacy of the design formed not to return to Geneva, the shame, and even the difficulty of repassing the mountains, the trouble at seeing myself far from my country, and without a friend, without resources; all these things concurred to make me regard, as a late repentance, the remorse of conscience: I affected to reproach myself

myself of what I had done, to excuse that I was going to do. In aggravating the faults of the past, I looked on future ones as their necessary effect. I did not say to myself, Nothing is yet done, and you can be innocent if you will; but I said, Lament the crime of which you have rendered yourself culpable, and of which you have made it necessary to fill up the measure.

In fact, what rare magnanimity of soul must I not have had, at my age, to revoke all that, till that moment, I had promised or left to hope, to break the chains I had given myself, to declare with intrepidity that I would remain in the religion of my forefathers, at the risk of all that might happen! This vigour was not of my age, and there is little probability of its having had a happy issue. Things were too far advanced to be recalled, and the more my resistance had been great, the more, by some manner or other, they had made it a merit to surmount it.

The sophism which ruined me is that of the greatest part of mankind, who complain of want of power, when it is too late to make use of it. Virtue is dearly bought by our own fault; if we were always prudent, we should seldom have occasion of virtue. But inclinations which might be easily surmounted, drag us without resistance; we yield to light temptations whose danger we despise. Insensibly we fall into perilous situations from which we might easily have preserved ourselves, but from which we cannot extricate ourselves without heroic efforts which affright us;

us; so we fall at last into the abyss, in saying to God, Why hast thou made us so weak? But, in spite of us, he replies by our conscience, I made you too weak to get out of the gulf, because I made you strong enough not to fall into it.

I did not precisely take the resolution of becoming a catholic; but seeing the time was not very nigh, I took time to accustom myself to the idea, and thought that in the mean while some unforeseen event might deliver me from my embarrassment. In order to gain time, I resolved to make the best defence possible. Very soon my vanity dispensed me from thinking of my resolution; and whenever I perceived I sometimes puzzled those who would instruct me, nothing more was wanting than to try entirely to overthrow them. I even applied in this undertaking a zeal very ridiculous; for while they were at work on me, I wanted to work on them. I honestly thought they wanted no more than conviction to become protestants.

They did not, therefore, find in me that facility they expected, neither on the side of knowledge or will. Protestants are, in general, better instructed than catholics. It cannot be otherwise: the doctrine of the one exacts discussion, that of the other submission. A catholic must adopt the decision they give him; a protestant must learn to decide for himself. They knew that; but they did not expect, either from my condition or my age, much difficulty to people exercised as they were. Besides, I had not yet received my
first

first communion, or received those instructions which relate to it: they knew that too, but they did not know, that, in its stead, I had been well instructed at M. Lambercier's; and that, moreover, I had by me a little magazine, very troublesome to these gentlemen, in the history of the church and of the empire, which I had learnt almost by heart at my father's, and since that almost forgot, but which returned again to my memory, as the dispute grew warmer.

An old little priest, but pretty venerable, held with us, in common, the first conference. This conference was, to my companions, a catechism rather than a controversy; he had more trouble in instructing, than resolving their objections. It was not the same with me. When my turn came, I stopped him at every point; I did not spare him one difficulty I could give him. This rendered the conference very long, and very tiresome to the assistants. My old priest talked much, exerted himself, ran to his books, and got out of the hobble by saying he did not understand French enough. The next day, for fear my indiscreet objections should hurt my companions, they put me in a separate room with another priest, much younger, a good talker, that is to say, dealing out long phrases, and proud of himself, if ever doctor was. I did not, however, suffer myself to be too much brought under by his imposing countenance; and finding, after all, that I made my way, I began to answer him with a tolerable assurance, and to maul him, on right and left, as well as I could.

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He thought to knock me down with Saint Augustin, Saint Gregory, and the rest of the fathers; but he found, with an incredible surprise, I could handle all these fathers almost as nimbly as he could: not that I ever read them, or he either perhaps; but I retained many passages taken from my *Le Sueur*; and whenever he cited one, without disputing on the citation, I parried it by another from the same father, and which, often, greatly puzzled him. He got the better, however, at last, for two reasons: one was, he was above me; and seeing myself, in a manner, at his mercy, being so young, I rightly judged I should not drive him to a non-plus; for I plainly saw the little old priest was not well satisfied with my erudition or me. The other reason was, the young one had studied, and I had not. That gave him, in his manner of argument, a method I could not follow; and whenever he found himself unable to answer an unexpected objection, he put it off till the next day, pretending I left the present subject. Sometimes he rejected even all my citations, maintaining they were false, and, offering to fetch the book, defied me to find them. He knew he ran no great hazard, and that, with all my borrowed learning, I was too little exercised in the handling books, and not Latinist enough, to find a passage in a large volume, even though I was assured it was there. I suspect him likewise of having made use of the perfidy of which he accused the ministers, and having sometimes forged passages to extricate himself from an objection which troubled him.

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But, at last, the residence of the hospital becoming every day more disagreeable, and perceiving to get out of it but one way, I was as eager to take it as I had been in endeavouring to retard it.

The two Africans had been baptized with great ceremony, dressed in white from head to foot, to represent the candour of their regenerated soul. My turn came a month afterwards; for all that time was necessary, that my directors might have the honour of a difficult conversion, and all their tenets were called over before me, to triumph over my new docility.

In fine, sufficiently instructed and sufficiently disposed to the will of my new masters, I was led processionally to the metropolitan church of St. John, to make a solemn abjuration, and receive the addition of baptism, though they did not re-baptize me in reality: but as the ceremony is nearly the same, it serves to persuade the people protestants are not christians. I was cloathed in a kind of grey gown, and a white furtout coat, devoted to these occasions. Two men carried before and behind copper basons, on which they struck a key, where every one put alms according to his devotion, or the concern he had for the welfare of the new convert. In fact, nothing of catholic pageantry was omitted to render the solemnity more edifying to the public, and more humiliating to me. The white coat only might have been useful to me, which they did not give me as to a Moor, since I had not the honour of being a Jew.

This

This was not all. I must afterwards go to the Inquisition, to receive absolution for the crime of heresy, and return to the bosom of the church, with the same ceremony to which Henry IV. was subjected by his Ambassador. The countenance and manner of the right reverend father Inquisitor was not of the sort to diminish the secret terror which had seized me on entering this house. After several questions on my faith, on my condition, and on my family, he asked me bluntly if my mother was damned. My consternation repressed the first motions of my indignation; I contented myself with replying, I would hope she was not, and that God might have enlightened her at her last hour. The monk was silent; but his sour look did not appear to me a sign of approbation.

All this got through, at the moment I expected to be, at last, placed according to my wishes, they turned me out of doors with something more than twenty livres in small money, which the gathering produced. They recommended to me to live a good christian, be faithful to grace; they wished me good luck, shut the door on me, and every one disappeared.

Thus, in an instant, were all my grand expectations at an end, and nothing remained of the selfish steps I had taken, but the remembrance of having been, at once, an apostate and a dupe. It is easy to guess what a sudden revolution must have been caused in my ideas, when, from my shining projects of fortune, I saw myself descend to the completest

pletest misery, and that, after deliberating, in the morning, on the choice of the palace I should inhabit, I saw myself, at night, reduced to lie in the street. You would think I began to give myself up to a despair, so much the more cruel, as the sorrow for my faults must have been heightened by a conviction that my misfortunes were of my own seeking.— Not a bit of all that. I had been, for the first time, in my days, shut up more than two months. The first sentiment that struck me was that of the liberty I recovered. After a long slavery, again become master of myself and my actions, I saw myself in a great city abounding in resources, full of people of quality, whereof my talents and merit could not fail to make me welcome as soon as they heard of me. I had, besides, time to wait, and twenty livres I had in my pocket seemed a treasure which would never be exhausted. I could dispose of it at my fancy, without rendering account to any one. It was the first time I found myself so rich. Far from falling into despondency and tears, I only changed my hopes; and self-love lost nothing by it. Never did I feel so much confidence and security: I thought my fortune already made; and that it was noble, the obligation was to myself alone.

The first thing I did was satisfying my curiosity in running all over the city, though it should be as an act of my liberty. I went to see them mount guard; the military instruments pleased me much. I followed processions; I liked the irregular music of the priests.

I went

I went to see the king's palace : I approached it with dread ; but seeing other people go in, I did like them ; they let me go in : perhaps I was indebted for this favour to the little bundle under my arm. Be that as it may, I conceived a great opinion of myself in being in the palace ; I already looked on myself as almost an inhabitant there. At length, by running backwards and forwards, I grew tired ; I was hungry : it was hot ; I go to a milk-shop : they brought me some curds and milk, and with two slices of the charming Piedmont bread, which I prefer to any other, I made, for five or six sous, one of the best dinners I ever made in my life.

It was time to seek a lodging. As I already knew enough of the Piedmont tongue to make myself understood, there was no great difficulty in finding one ; and I had the prudence to chuse it more adapted to my purse than my taste. I was told of a soldier's wife, in the Po-street, who received servants out of place, at one sous per night. I found there, empty, a bed, and took possession of it. She was young, and just married, though she already had five or six children. We all slept in the same room, mother, children, and lodgers ; and it continued in this manner whilst I remained with her. As for the rest, she was a good-natured woman, swearing like a carter, breasts always open, and cap off, but a feeling heart, officious, and inclined to serve me, and was even useful to me.

I spent several days in giving myself up wholly to the pleasure of independence and
curiosity.

curiosity. I went wandering within and without the city, fereting and visiting every thing which seemed curious or new, and every thing was so for a young lad coming from his nest, and had never seen the capital. I was very exact in paying my court, and regularly assisting every morning at the king's mass. I thought it fine to be in the same chapel with this prince and his retinue; but my passion for music, which began to shew itself, had more share in my assiduity than the splendor of the court, which, soon seen and always the same, did not strike me long. The King of Sardinia had, at that time, the best symphony in Europe. Somis, Des Jardins, and les Bezuzzi, shone alternately. Less would have been sufficient to draw a young fellow, that the sound of the least instrument, provided it was just, transported with gladness. Besides, I had only a stupid admiration for magnificence, which strikes the sight, without desire. The only thing I thought of in all the pomp of the court, was to find a young princess there who deserved my respect, and with whom I could act a romance.

I was not far from beginning one in a situation less brilliant; but where, had I brought it to a conclusion, I had found pleasures a thousand times more delicious.

Though I lived with great œconomy, my purse insensibly grew lighter. This œconomy, however, was less the effect of prudence than a simplicity of taste, which even at this day the use of plentiful tables has not altered. I did not know, or do not yet know, a better
feast

feast than a country meal. With milk-diet, eggs, herbs, cheese, brown bread, and tolerable wine, you are sure to regale me well; a good appetite will do the rest, if a steward and the servants around me do not satiate me with their impertinent aspect. I then made a much better meal at the expence of six or seven sous, than I have since made for six or seven livres. I was therefore sober, for want of a temptation to be otherwise. I am still to blame to call it sobriety; for I employed all possible sensuality. My pears, my cheese, my bread, and a few glasses of Montserrat wine, that you might cut with a knife, rendered me the happiest of gluttons. But still, with all that, it was possible to see the end of twenty livres; this I from day to day more sensibly perceived, and, in spite of the giddiness of my age, my uneasiness for hereafter was inclining to terror. Of all my castles in the air, there only remained that of seeking an occupation I could live by, and that was not very easily realized. I thought of my old trade, but knew not enough of it to work with a master; besides, masters don't abound at Turin. I therefore took a resolution of offering, from shop to shop, to engrave a cypher, or coats of arms, on plates or dishes, hoping to tempt them by cheapness, in submitting to their discretion. This expedient was not very happy. I was almost every where denied, and what I got to do was so trifling, I could hardly earn a meal. One day, however, passing pretty early in the Contranova, I saw, through the windows of a counter, a young tradeswoman, so graceful

graceful and of so attractive a countenance, that, in spite of my timidity towards ladies, I did not hesitate to go in and offer my talent. She did not discourage me, made me sit down, tell her my little story, pitied me, told me to be of good cheer, and that good christians would never abandon me: then, while she sent for the tools I wanted to a jeweller's of the neighbourhood, she went into the kitchen, and herself brought me some breakfast. This beginning seemed to promise well enough; the end did not contradict it. She seemed satisfied with my little labours; much more with my prattle, when I had a little collected myself: for she was brilliant and drestly, and, in spite of her graceful countenance, this lustre had imposed on me. But her reception full of good-nature, her compassionate tone, her gentle and caressing manner, soon brought me to myself. I saw I succeeded, and that made me succeed the more; but though an Italian, and too pretty not to be a little of the coquette, she was nevertheless so modest, and I so timid, that it was difficult to bring our acquaintance to any good. They did not give us time to finish the adventure. I recollect with a greater pleasure only the short moments I passed with her, and I can say I there tasted in their prime the softest and the purest pleasures of love.

She was a brown girl, extremely smart, but whose natural goodness, painted in her pretty face, rendered her vivacity touching. Her name was Madam Basile. Her husband, older than she was, and tolerably jealous, left her during his absence under the care of a clerk, too disagreeable

disagreeable to be dangerous, but who nevertheless had pretensions which he rarely shewed but by ill-humour. He shewed me a great deal, though I was fond of hearing him play the flute, which he did pretty well. This second Egistus always grumbled whenever he saw me go into his lady's room : he treated me with a disdain which she heartily returned him. She seemed as if she took a pleasure in tormenting him, by caressing me in his presence ; and this sort of vengeance, though much to my wish, would have been much more so in a tête-à-tête. But she did not carry it quite so far ; or, rather, it was not in the same manner. Whether she thought me too young, whether she did not understand the advances, or whether she would seriously be prudent, she had, at those times, a sort of reserve which was not unkind, but which intimidated me without my knowing the cause. Though I did not feel for her the same real and tender respect which I felt for Madam de Warens, I felt more fear and less familiarity. I was perplexed and trembling ; I dared not look at her ; I dared not breathe before her ; I nevertheless dreaded leaving her more than death. I devoured, with greedy looks, all I could see without being perceived ; the flowers of her gown, the end of her pretty foot, the interval of a white and compact arm which appeared between her glove and her ruffle, and that which happened, sometimes, between the contour of her neck and her handkerchief. Each object added to the impression of others. By dint of looking at what was to be seen, and even more than was to be

seen, my eyes were confused, my lungs were oppressed, my respiration, every instant more and more impeded, was with trouble kept down, and all I was able to do was to stifle, without noise, the sighs which were very troublesome to me during the silence we often were in. Happily, Madam Basile, employed at her work, did not seem to perceive it. I, however, sometimes saw, by a sort of sympathy, her handkerchief swell frequently enough. This dangerous sight finished my patience; and when I was ready to give way to my transport, she directed a few words to me in an easy voice, which in an instant made me come to myself.

I saw her in this manner several times alone, without there being a word, a motion, or even a look too expressive, which could denote between us the least intelligence. This state, too torturing for me, caused, however, my delight; and I could hardly, in the simplicity of my heart, imagine why I was thus tortured. It seemed these little tête-à-têtes did not displease her neither; at least, she rendered the occasion frequent enough; an attention gratuitous certainly in her, for the use she made of it, or let me make of it.

One day, being tired of the clerk's colloquy, and retiring to her chamber, I hastened to finish my task in the back shop where I was, and followed her. Her chamber-door was half open; I went in without being perceived. She was embroidering near the window, facing that side of the room opposite the door. She could not see me go in, or hear me for the noise of the carts in the street. She was al-
ways

ways neatly drest ; that day her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful ; her head inclining a little forwards, exposed to view the whiteness of her neck ; her hair, set off with elegance, was decorated with flowers : there reigned all over her person a charm I had time to examine, but which carried me beyond myself. I threw myself on my knees at the entrance of the room, stretching my hands towards her with amorous extacy, quite certain she could not hear me, and not imagining she could see me ; but there was a glass at the chimney which betrayed me. I don't know what effect this transport had on her ; she did not look at me, or speak to me ; but turning her side-face, by a simple motion of the finger, she shewed me the mat at her feet. To leap up, cry out, and fly to the place she pointed to, was all done in the same instant ; but it will be hardly believed, I dared undertake nothing farther, or say a single word, or raise my eyes towards her, or even touch her in an attitude so constrained, to lean one moment on her knee. I was dumb and immoveable, but not composed assuredly : every thing painted in me agitation, joy, gratitude, and ardent desires uncertain of their object, and restrained by the dread of displeasing, of which my young heart could not assure itself.

She did not appear calmer or less timid than I. Uneasy at seeing me there, confounded at having drawn me there, and beginning to feel all the consequence of a sign which escaped her without reflection, she neither encouraged nor discouraged me ; she did not take her eyes

from her work ; she endeavoured to act as if she did not see me at her feet, but all my stupidity did not prevent me from judging that she partook of my trouble, perhaps of my desires, and that she was withheld by a shame like mine, without its giving me the power of surmounting it. Five or six years older than me, she ought, in my opinion, to take all the freedom herself ; and I said to myself, Since she does nothing to excite mine, she does not chuse I should take any. And at this day I believe I thought right ; and surely she had too much sense not to see that a novice like me had occasion not only for encouragement, but instruction.

I don't know how this lively and dumb scene would have ended, or how long I might have remained immoveable in this ridiculous and delightful situation, had we not been interrupted.

In the strongest of my agitations I heard the kitchen door open, which joined the chamber we were in, and Madam Basile, alarmed, says to me with hasty voice and gesture, Get up, there is Rosina. In rising in a hurry, I seized her hand, which she held out ; I gave it two eager kisses ; at the second of which I felt this charming hand press a little against my lips. In my days I never knew so sweet a moment ; but the occasion I had lost offered no more, and our young amours stopped there.

This is, perhaps, the reason the image of this amiable woman remains imprinted on the bottom of my heart in so lively colours. It is
heightened

heightened even since I know the world and women. If she had had the least experience, she would have taken another method to animate a young fellow: but altho' her heart was weak, it was honest; she involuntarily yielded to an inclination which hurried her away; 'twas, to all appearance, her first infidelity, and I should have found, perhaps, more to do in vanquishing her modesty than my own. Without going so far, I tasted in her company inexpressible delights. Nothing I ever felt from the possession of women is worth the two minutes I spent at her feet, without even daring to touch her gown. No, there is no enjoyment like that we find in an honest woman we esteem; all is favour with her. A trifling sign of the finger, a hand lightly pressed against my mouth, are the only favours I ever received of Madam Basile; and the remembrance of these favours, so trifling, still transports me when I think of them.

In vain I sought a second tête-à-tête the two following days; it was impossible for me to find an opportunity, and I perceived no inclination in her to favour it. She had even a countenance, not more indifferent, but more reserved than ordinary; and I believe she avoided my looks for fear of not being able sufficiently to govern hers. Her cursed clerk was more mortifying than ever. He became even a banterer and jocular; he told me I should make my way amongst the ladies. I trembled lest I should have been guilty of an indiscretion; and looking upon myself as already familiar with her, I would have made a mystery

of an inclination which till then did not much want it. This made me more circumspect in laying hold of the occasions of satisfying it, and in endeavouring to be certain of some, I found none at all.

This is likewise another romantic folly I could never get the better of, and which, added to my natural timidity, has greatly contradicted the clerk's predictions. I loved too sincerely, too perfectly, I dare say it, to be easily happy. Never were passions more lively, and, at the same time, more pure than mine; never was love more tender, more real, and more disinterested. I would have sacrificed a thousand times my happiness to that of the person I loved: her reputation was dearer to me than life, and never, for all the pleasure of enjoyment, would I have exposed for a moment her peace. This has made me so cautious, so secret, and so careful in my undertakings, that none have ever succeeded. My little success with women was always caused by loving them too much.

To return to the Egistus the fluter: it was most singular, that, in becoming more insupportable, the traitor became more complaisant. From the first minute his lady shewed me kindness, she thought of making me useful in the warehouse. I knew arithmetic pretty well; she proposed his teaching me book-keeping: but the cross fellow received the proposal extremely ill, fearing, perhaps, he might be supplanted. Thus all my work, after engraving, was to copy some accounts and bills, to write over fairly a few books, and translate commercial

cial letters from Italian into French. All at once our man took it in his head to return to the proposal which was made and rejected, and said he would teach me accounts by double entry, and make me capable of offering my services to M. Basile on his return. There was something in his looks, though I can't tell what, false, artful, and ironical, which did not inspire confidence. Madam Basile, without waiting my answer, told him coldly, I was much obliged to him for his offers, that she hoped fortune would favour my deserts, and that it would be a great pity that one of so much sense should be nothing but a clerk.

She several times told me she would make me acquainted with those who could serve me. She prudently thought it time to send me from her. Our dumb declarations happened on Thursday. On Sunday she gave a dinner, at which I was present; and likewise a Dominican friar of a good appearance, to whom she presented me. The monk treated me very affectionately, complimented me on my conversion, and told me several parts of my history which she had given him the particulars of: then giving me two little strokes on the cheek with the back of his hand, he told me to be good, to cheer up, and to go and see him, in order to talk with more leisure together. I judged, by the respect every one paid him, that he was a person of importance, and, by his paternal tone of voice to Madam Basile, that he was her confessor. I recollect also his decent familiarity was mixed with marks of esteem

esteem and even respect for his penitent, which at that time made less impression on me than now. Had I had more understanding, how much should I have been touched to have rendered sensible a young woman respected by her confessor.

The table was not large enough for all of us. A side-table was necessary, at which I had the agreeable conversation of the clerk. I lost nothing on the side of attention and good eating; several plates were sent to the side-table which certainly were not intended for him. Every thing went well so far; the ladies were very merry, the gentlemen very polite: Madam Basile did the honours of the repast with a charming grace. In the midst of the dinner a chaise was heard to stop at the door; some one comes up; 'tis M. Basile. I see him as if entering this moment, in a scarlet coat with gold buttons; a colour I have since that day detested. M. Basile was a tall, clever man, with an extremely good presence. He comes in hastily, and with the air of one who surprises his company, though none were there but his friends. His wife clings around his neck, takes hold of his hands, gives him a thousand caresses, which he receives without returning them. He salutes the company, a plate is brought, he eats. They had scarcely begun talking of his journey, but throwing his eyes on the side-table, he asks, in a severe tone, who that little boy is he sees there? Madam Basile tells him ingenuously. He asks if I lodge in the house? He is told no. Why not? replies he in a rough manner: since he
is

is here in the day-time, he may as well be here at night. The monk took up the conversation, and after a grave and sincere panegyrick on Madam Basile, he made mine in a few words; adding, that, far from blaming the pious charity of his wife, he should be forward in assisting it, since nothing had passed the bounds of discretion. The husband replied in a tone of humour, half of which was stifled, restrained by the presence of the monk, but which was sufficient to let me know he had been informed of me, and that the clerk had served me a trick in his way.

They were scarcely risen from table, but this last, dispatched by his master, came in triumph to signify to me from him, that I must leave the house that instant, and never more set my foot there. He seasoned his commission with every thing which could render it insulting and cruel. I went off without a word, but with a sorrowful heart, not altogether at leaving this amiable woman, but at leaving her a prey to the brutality of her husband. He certainly had a right to take care she was not unfaithful; for although she was prudent, and of good birth, she was an Italian, that is, tender and vindictive; and it was a fault in him, in my opinion, to make use of those means the most likely to bring on the misfortune he dreaded.

Such was the success of my first adventure. I endeavoured, by passing and repassing two or three times in the street, to see, at least, her whom my heart grieved for without ceasing: but, instead of her, I saw none but the husband

and vigilant clerk, who, on perceiving me, made a motion with the ell in the shop, more expressive than inviting. Finding I was so well watched, I lost hopes and went no more. I wished to see, however, the patron she had procured me. Unfortunately I knew not his name. I rambled several times, in vain, round the convent to endeavour to meet him. At last, other adventures banished the charming remembrance of Madam Basile; and in a short time I so far forgot her, that, as simple and as much a novice as I was before, I did not remain in danger of pretty women.

Her liberalities had, however, again stocked me a little; very modestly nevertheless, and with the precaution of a prudent woman, who looked on decency rather than dress, and who would prevent me from suffering rather than deck me out. The coat I brought from Geneva was still good and wearable; she added only a hat and a little linnen. I had no ruffles; she would give me none, though I greatly desired them. She thought it sufficient for me to be clean; but this was an attention she need not have recommended while I appeared before her.

A few days after my catastrophe, my hostess, who, as I have said, had shewn me friendship, told me she had got me a place, and that a lady of quality wanted to see me. At this word, I thought myself entirely in the road to great adventures, for that was always uppermost in my thoughts. This was not so brilliant as I had figured it. I went to the lady's with the servant who had spoke to her of me. She questioned me,

me, examined me; I did not displease her; and immediately entered into her service, not absolutely in quality of a favourite, but in quality of a footman. I was cloathed in the colour of her people; the only distinction was their wearing a shoulder-knot, and I had none: as there was no lace to the livery, it was nearly a tradesman's coat. Here was the unexpected term to which, at last, were pointed all my brilliant hopes.

Madam la Comtesse de Vercellis, whom I served, was a widow without children; her husband was a Piedmontese. I always thought her a Savoyard, not being able to persuade myself a Piedmontese could speak so good French with so pure an accent. She was of a middle age, of a noble presence, a mind well adorned, fond of French literature, and well versed in it. She wrote much, and always in French. Her letters had the expression, and almost the grace, of Madam de Sevigné's. You might have mistook some of them for hers. My principal employment, which did not displease me, was to write them from her dictating; a cancer in the breast, of which she greatly suffered, not permitting her any longer to write herself.

Madam de Vercellis had not only much wit, but an elevated and strong mind. I attended her last illness. I saw her suffer and die without once showing the least weakness, without making the least effort of constraint, without quitting her female character, and without imagining any philosophy in all this; a word not then in vogue, and which she was not even acquainted

with in the sense it now bears. This strength of character was sometimes carried to rudeness. She always appeared to me to feel as little for others as for herself; and when she did a kindness to the unfortunate, it was to do what was good in itself, rather than from true compassion. I experienced a little of this insensibility during the three months I passed with her. It was natural she should shew some kindness to a young person of some views who was incessantly under her eye, and think, finding herself dying, that, after her death, he would want some assistance and support: however, whether she did not judge me worthy any particular attention, or whether those who surrounded her did not permit her to think of any but themselves, she did nothing for me.

I remember, however, very well, her shewing some curiosity to know me. She questioned me sometimes; was glad to see the letters I wrote to Madam de Warens, to give an account of my sentiments. But she surely did not take the right method, by never shewing me hers. My heart loved to open itself, provided it met with another equally open. Interrogations dry and cold, without any sign of approbation or blame on my answers, gave me no confidence. When nothing told me whether my chatter pleased or displeased, I was always in fear, and I sought not so much to shew my thoughts as to say nothing which could hurt me. I have since observed, that this dry manner of interrogating people to know them, is a common trick amongst women
who

who pique themselves on sense. They imagine, that, in not letting their own sentiments appear, they will arrive at penetrating yours the better; but they don't see that they thus take away the resolution of exposing them. A man who is questioned, begins, for that reason only, to put himself on his guard; and if he imagines, that, without thinking of his good, they only want to make him prate, he lies, or conceals, or doubles his attention to say every thing in his own praise, and had rather pass for a fool than be duped in satisfying your curiosity. In fine, it is always a bad method of reading the hearts of others by affecting to hide your own.

Madam de Vercellis never said one word to me that felt of affection, pity, or benevolence. She questioned me coldly. I answered with reserve. My answers were so timid she must have found them mean, and grew tired of them. Towards the last she questioned me no more, and talked of nothing but her service. She judged me less on what I was, than what she had made me; and by dint of seeing me in no other light than that of a footman, she prevented me from appearing any thing else.

I believe I experienced at that time the arch game of underhand interest, which has thwarted me all my life time, and given me a very natural aversion for the apparent order which produces it. Madam de Vercellis having no children, her heir was her nephew, the count of la Roque, who assiduously paid her his court. Besides him, her principal servants, who saw her draw near her end, did not for-
get

get themselves ; and there were so many assiduous people about her, it was difficult for her to think of me. At the head of her affairs was one Lorenzy, an artful fellow, and whose wife, who was still more artful, had so much insinuated herself into the good graces of her mistress, she was with her rather as a companion, than a woman who received wages. She had placed her niece with her as her chamber-maid ; her name was Mademoiselle Pontal ; a cunning jade, who gave herself the airs of a waiting gentlewoman, and assisted her aunt in so well besetting their mistress, that she saw but through their eyes, and acted but through their hands. I had not the happiness to please these three personages : I obeyed them, but did not serve them ; I did not think, that, besides the service of our common mistress, I must be the valet of her valets. I was, besides, a troublesome person to them. They plainly saw I was not in my proper place : they dreaded their lady might see it likewise, and that, if she put me there, it might decrease their portions ; for these sort of people, too covetous to be just, regard every legacy left to others as taken from their right. They therefore united to keep me from her sight. She was fond of writing letters ; it was an amusement for her in her state ; they disgusted her of it, and got the physician to dissuade her, pretending it fatigued her. By pretending I did not know service, they employed in my stead two great clowns of chairmen to be with her : in fine, they managed it so well, that they kept me a week from her chamber

chamber before she made her will. It is true, I went in afterwards as usual, and was even more assiduous there than any one: for the pains of this poor lady grieved me; the constancy with which she suffered rendered her extremely respectable and dear to me; and I have, in her chamber, shed many sincere tears, without her or any one else having perceived it.

We lost her at last. I saw her expire. Her life had been that of a woman of wit and sense; her death was that of a sage. I can say she rendered the catholic religion amiable to me, by the serenity of soul with which she fulfilled the duties of it, without neglect or affectation. She was naturally serious. Towards her latter end, she took up a sort of cheerfulness too equal to be affected, and which was nothing but a counterbalance given by reason itself against the sadness of her situation. She kept her bed the two last days only, and did not cease conversing peaceably with every one. At last, her speech being gone, and already combating the agonies of death, she broke wind loudly. Good, says she, and turned in her bed; she who breaks wind is not dead. These were the last words she pronounced.

She left a year's wages to her under-servants; but, not being set down as one of her family, I had nothing. But the count de la Roque ordered me thirty livres, and gave me the new coat I had on, and which M. Lorenzy would have taken off. He likewise promised to seek me a place, and permitted me to see him. I went two or three times to his house, without being able to speak to him. I was easily discouraged,

couraged, I went no more. You will presently see I was to blame.

Why have I not finished all I had to say concerning my abode with Madam de Vercellis! But, though my apparent situation remained the same, I did not come out of her house as I went into it. I carried away from thence the long remembrance of crimes, and the insupportable weight of remorse, with which, though forty years since, my conscience is still loaded, and whose bitter sense, far from growing weaker, grows stronger as I grow older. Who could believe that the faults of a child could have such cruel effects? 'Tis these effects, more than probable, that have caused my heart to get no ease. I have, perhaps, murdered with ignominy and misery an amiable, honest, and estimable girl, who was assuredly much better than I.

The dissolution of a family seldom happens without causing some confusion in the house, and many things to be missed. Such, however, was the fidelity of the servants, and the vigilance of M. and Madam Lorenzy, that nothing was found short of the inventory. Mademoiselle Pontal, only, lost a ribband of a white and rose colour, already much worn. Many better things were within my reach: this ribband only tempted me. I stole it, and, as I did not much hide it, they soon found it on me. They wanted to know whence I got it. I am confused, I hesitate, I stutter, and at last I said, with redness in my face, 'Twas Marion gave it me. Marion was a young Moor, whom Madam de Vercellis had made her cook, when,

ceasing

ceasing to give entertainments, she had discharged her own, having more occasion for good broths than fine ragouts. Marion was not only pretty, but had a freshness of colour to be found only in the mountains, and particularly an air of modesty and mildness that one could not see without loving; besides, a good girl, prudent, and of an approved fidelity. This surprised them when I named her. They had almost as much confidence in me as in her, and it was judged of importance to know which of the two was the thief. She was sent for; the company was numerous, the count de la Roque was present. She comes, they shew her the ribband, I accuse her boldly; she remains speechless and astonished, casts a look at me which would have appeased a devil, but which my barbarous heart resists. She denies, in fine, with assurance, but without anger, turns towards me, begs me to consider, not disgrace an innocent girl who never wished me ill; and I, with an infernal impudence, confirm my declaration, and maintain to her face that she gave me the ribband. The poor creature began crying, and said but these words, Ah! Rousseau! I thought you of a good disposition; you reduce me to misery, but I would not be in your place. That's all. She continued defending herself with as much simplicity as steadiness, but without using against me the least invective. This moderation, compared to my decisive tone, hurt her. It did not seem natural to suppose on one side an audaciousness so diabolical, and on the other a mildness so angelical. They did not seem to determine entirely,

entirely, but prejudice was for me. In the bustle they were engaged, they did not give themselves time to sound the affair; and the count de la Roque, in sending us both away, contented himself with saying, the conscience of the culpable would revenge the innocent. His prediction was not vain; it does not cease one day to be fulfilled.

I don't know what became of this victim of my calumny; but there is little appearance of her having been able, after that, easily to get a good place. She carried with her an imputation cruel to her honour in every manner. The theft was but a trifle, but however it was theft, and, what's worse, made use of to decoy a young fellow: in fine, lies and obstinacy left no hopes of her in whom so many vices were united. I don't look even on her misery and being an outcast as the greatest dangers I exposed her to. Who knows what despondency and innocence condemned may have led her to. Ah! if the remorse of having made her unhappy is insupportable, judge how much more cutting it must be to me for having made her still worse than myself.

This cruel remembrance so much troubles me sometimes, and disorders me to such a degree, that I perceive, in my endeavours to sleep, this poor girl coming to upbraid me of my crime, as if it was committed yesterday. Whilst I lived happy, it tormented me less; but, in the midst of a life of troubles, it robs me of the sweet consolation of persecuted innocence: it makes me feel to the quick what I believe I have mentioned in some of my works, that
re-

remorse sleeps during a prosperous life, but awakens in adversity. I never could determine, however, to disburthen my heart of this load in the breast of a friend. The strictest intimacy never induced me to tell it any one, not even to Madam de Warens: the most I could do was to own I upbraided myself of an atrocious action, but never said in what it consisted. This weight has therefore remained to this day on my conscience without alleviation; and I may say, that the desire of delivering myself from it in some degree, has greatly contributed to the resolution I have taken of writing my Confessions.

I have proceeded openly in that I have just made, and it cannot be thought, certainly, that I have here palliated the heinousness of my crime. But I should not fulfil the object of this book, did I not expose, at the same time, my interior dispositions, and that I dreaded to excuse myself in what is conformable to truth. Never was villainy farther from me than in that cruel hour; and when I accused this unfortunate girl, it is strange, but it is true, my friendship for her was the cause of it. She was present in my thoughts; I excused myself by the first object which offered. I accused her of having done what I intended to do, of giving me the ribband, because my intention was to give it her. When I saw her afterwards appear, my heart was racked, but the presence of so many people was stronger than my repentance. I little feared punishment, I dreaded the shame only; but I dreaded it more than death, more than the crime,
more

more than the whole world. I had been glad to have sunk, stifled in the bosom of the earth: invincible shame overcame all; shame only caused my impudence, and the more I became criminal, the more the terror of acknowledging it rendered me intrepid. I saw nothing but the horror of being discovered, publicly denounced, myself present, a robber, liar, and calumniator. An universal perturbation banished every other feeling. Had they let me recover myself, I had certainly declared the whole. Had M. de la Roque taken me aside, and said to me—Don't destroy the poor girl; if you are guilty, acknowledge it to me—I had instantly thrown myself at his feet; I am perfectly sure of it. But they only intimidated, instead of encouraging me. My age is likewise an allowance it is but just to make. I had scarcely quitted childhood, or, rather, was still a child. In youth enormous crimes are still more criminal than in an age of maturity; and weakness is much less so, and my fault at bottom was very little more. For this reason, its remembrance afflicts me much less on account of the mischief itself, than for that which it must have caused. It has even done me this good, of keeping me, for the rest of my life, from every act which tends towards committing crimes, by the terrible impression it has left me of the only one I ever was guilty of; and I think I feel my aversion to falshood grow in a great measure from the regret of having been able to commit so black a one. If it is a crime to be expiated, as I hope it is, all the misfortunes which overwhelm

whelm me in the decline of life must have done it, added to forty years of uprightness and honour on difficult occasions; and poor Marion having so many avengers in this world, however great my offence was towards her, I have little dread of carrying its guilt with me. This is all I had to say on this article. Let me be permitted never to speak of it more.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

T H E
C O N F E S S I O N S

O F

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

B O O K III.

LEAVING Madam de Vercellis's nearly as I went there, I returned to my old landlady, and remained there five or six weeks, in which time health, youth, and laziness, often rendered my constitution importunate. I was uneasy, absent, and pensive; cried, sighed, desired a happiness I had no idea of, but whose privation, however, I felt. This situation cannot be described, and few men can even imagine it; because the greatest part have prevented this plenitude of life, at the same time tormenting and delightful, which, in the drunkenness of desire, gives a foretaste of enjoyment. My fired blood incessantly filled my head with girls and women; but not knowing their real use, I possessed them whimsically in idea to my fancy without knowing what more to do with them; and these ideas kept my senses in a disagreeable activity, from which, fortunately, they did not teach me to deliver myself. I had given my life to have met,

met, for a quarter of an hour, a Miss Goton. But the time was past when children's play carry them thus far of themselves. Shame, the companion of a bad conscience, accompanied my years ; it had strengthened my natural timidity to a degree of rendering it invincible, and never, at that time, or since, could I arrive at making a lascivious proposal ; unless she I made it to constrained me to it, in a manner, by her advances ; though certain she was not scrupulous, and almost sure of being taken at my word.

My stay with Madam de Vercellis procured me a few acquaintances I kept in with in hopes of making them useful. I went to see, sometimes, among others, a Savoyard abbot, named M. Gaime, preceptor to the Count of Mel-larede's children. He was a young man little known, but of good sense, probity, and understanding, and one of the honestest men I ever knew. He was of no use as to the object which sent me to him ; he had not credit enough to place me : but I received more precious advantages from him, by which my whole life has profited ; the lessons of a sound morality, and the maxims of a right reason. In the successive order of my inclinations I had always been too high or too low ; Achilles or Therfites ; sometimes a hero, sometimes a villain. M. Gaime took the pains to put me in my proper place, and to shew me to myself without sparing or discouraging me. He spoke to me very honourably of my talents and my genius ; but he added, that he saw obstacles arise from them which would prevent me from
making

making the best of them, so that they would, according to him, serve me much less in the attainment of fortune, than in resources to do without it. He painted me the true picture of human life, of which I had but wrong ideas: he explained to me, how in adversity a wise man may always attain happiness, and gain that wind which blows him there; how there is no happiness without prudence, and how it is that prudence belongs to every condition. He greatly deadened my admiration for grandeur, in proving to me, that those who lorded it over others were neither wiser nor happier than they were. He told me one thing, which often occurs to my memory; and that is, if each man could read the hearts of others, there would be more people wish to descend than ascend. This reflection, whose reality strikes, and has nothing forced, has been very useful to me in the course of my life, in making me keep to my lot peaceably. He gave me the first true ideas of honesty, which my bombastic genius had only known to excess. He made me understand, that the enthusiasm for sublime virtue was of little use in society; that in aiming too high you are subject to fall; that the continuity of little duties well fulfilled demanded no less strength than heroic actions; that you find your account in it much better, both in respect to reputation and happiness; and that the esteem of mankind was infinitely better than sometimes their admiration.

To establish the duties of a man, you must remount to their first principles. Besides, the step I had taken, whereof my present situation

was

was the consequence, led us on to talk of religion. It is readily conceived that the honest M. Gaime is, at least in a great measure, the original of the Savoyard vicar. Prudence, only, obliged him to speak with more reserve; he explained himself less openly on certain points; but as to the rest, his maxims, his sentiments, and his advice, were the same, and even the counselling me to return home, every thing happened just as I have given it since to the public. Thus, without dwelling on conversations of which every one may see the substance, I shall say that his lessons, prudent, tho' without an immediate effect, were as so many seeds of virtue and religion in my heart, which were never extinguished, and which waited, to fructify, a more lovely hand.

Though till then my conversion was not very solid, I was nevertheless moved. So far from being tired of his discourses, I relished them on account of their clearness, their simplicity, and particularly for a certain interest of the heart of which I saw them full. I have an affectionate turn, and was always endeared to people less in proportion to the good they do me, than that they wish to do me, and I am seldom mistaken in them. I, therefore, was very fond of M. Gaime; I was in a manner his second disciple, and it produced the inestimable good of turning me from the inclination to vice my idle life was drawing me into.

One day, thinking of nothing less, I was sent for by the Count de la Roque. By continually going, and not seeing him, I grew tired, and went no more: I thought he had forgot

me, or that he had an ill opinion of me. I was mistaken. He was witness, more than once, of the pleasure I took in fulfilling my duty to his aunt; she even told him of it, and he repeated it to me when I thought little of it. He received me well: told me, that, without amusing me with empty promises, he had sought to get me a place; that he had succeeded; that he would put me in the road of becoming something, and that I must do the rest; that the family he recommended me to was powerful and respectable; that I should want no other help to preferment; and that, though treated at first as a simple servant, as before, I might be assured, that, should I be judged by my sentiments and conduct above this state, they were disposed not to leave me in it. The end of this discourse cruelly contradicted the brilliant hopes I had conceived at the beginning of it. What! always a footman? said I to myself with a spiteful indignation, which confidence soon wiped away. I thought myself too little made for this place to dread their leaving me there.

He took me to the Count of Gouvion, master of the horse to the queen, and chief of the illustrious house of Solar. The dignified air of this respectable old gentleman rendered the affability of the reception more affecting. He questioned me with concern, and I answered him with sincerity. He said to the Count de la Roque, I had an agreeable physiognomy which promised wit; that it seemed to him I had enough, but that was not all, and that he must see the rest. Then, turning towards me, Child, said

said he, the beginnings of almost all things are difficult; yours, however, shall not be much so. Be prudent, and try to please all here; this is for the present your whole business. As to the rest, take courage; we'll take care of you. He immediately went to the Marchioness of Breil, his daughter-in-law, and presented me to her, and afterwards to the Abbé de Gouvon, his son. This beginning I liked. I had already knowledge enough to know so much ceremony was not used at the reception of a footman. In fact, I was not treated as one. I dined at the steward's table; had no livery; and the Count of Favria, a giddy young man, ordering me behind his coach, his father forbid my going behind any coach, or following any body out of the house. I waited at table, however, and did in the house nearly the service of a footman; but I did it in some respect with liberty, without being bound particularly to any one. Except a few letters dictated to me, and some images I cut for the Count of Favria, I was master of almost my whole time. This method of acting, which I did not perceive, was surely very dangerous; it was altogether very inhuman; for this extremely idle life might have made me contract vices I should not have had without it.

But, luckily, this did not happen. M. Gaime's lessons had made an impression on my heart, and I so much liked them, I stole away sometimes to hear more of them. I fancy those who saw me steal out, little imagined where I ran to. Nothing could be more sensible than the advice he gave me on my conduct. My

beginnings were admirable; I was of an assiduity, an attention, a zeal, which charmed every one. The Abbé Gaime prudently advised me to moderate this first fervour, for fear it should relax, and they should take notice of it. Your beginning, said he, is a rule of what they will expect of you: endeavour to spare yourself something to be done hereafter, but take care never to do less than you do now.

As they had examined me but little on my trifling talents, and supposed I had no more than nature had given me, it did not appear, although the Count of Gouvon had promised, that they intended any thing for me. Things happened cross, and I was nearly forgot. The Marquis of Breil, son to the Count of Gouvon, was at that time ambassador at Vienna. Some unexpected business happened at court, which was felt in the family; and they were some weeks in an agitation which left little time to think of me. However, till then I had relaxed but little. One thing did me good and harm; by keeping me from all external dissipation, I was rendered a little more inattentive to my duty.

Miss de Breil was a young lady about my age, well made, handsome enough, extremely fair, with very black hair, and, though black-eyed, had in her countenance the mild look of a fair woman, which my heart could never resist. The court dress, so favourable to young people, shewed her pretty stature, exposed her breasts and shoulders, and rendered her complexion still more dazzling from the mourning then worn. You will say, it is not a servant's place

place to perceive those things; I was, without doubt, to blame, but I did perceive them, and I was not the only one. The steward and valet de chambre talked of them sometimes at table, with a rudeness which hurt me greatly. My head was not, however, so far lost as to be quite in love. I did not forget myself, I kept my distance, and my desires did not even emancipate. I was happy to see Miss de Breil; to hear her say any thing which shewed wit, sense, or modesty: my ambition, confined to the pleasure of serving her, did not go beyond its bounds. At table I was attentive in making use of them. If her footman quitted, a moment, her chair, you saw me placed there that instant: when not there, I was always opposite her; I sought in her looks what she wanted; I watched the moment of changing her plate. What would not I have given that she would deign to command me, look at me, speak to me but a word! But no; I had the mortification of being a cypher in her eyes; she did not even know I was there. However, her brother, who sometimes spoke to me at table, having said some words not very obliging, I made him so smart and well-turned an answer, she remarked it, and threw her eyes on me. This look, which was but short, did not fail to transport me. The next day a second occasion offered, and I made use of it. There was much company to dinner, when, to my great surprise, I saw the steward wait, his sword by his side, and his hat on his head. The conversation by chance turned on the motto of the house of Solar, which was on the

tapestry in the room with the arms. *Tel fier qui ne tue pas*. As the Piedmontese are not in general versed in the French language, some of them found in this motto an orthographical error, and said that in the word *fier* there should be no *t*.

The old Count of Gouvion was going to answer, when, looking towards me, he saw I smiled without daring to say any thing: he ordered me to speak. I then said, I did not think the *t* too much—that *fier* was an old French word, which did not derive from the noun *ferus*, fierce, threatening, but from the verb *ferit*, he strikes, he wounds—that the motto, therefore, did not appear to me to say, Many a one threatens, but many a one strikes, who does not kill.

The whole company stared at me, and stared at each other, without saying a word. Never was so great a surprise. But what flattered me most was to see plainly an air of satisfaction in the countenance of Miss de Breil. This disdainful person condescended to cast at me a second look, which was at least worth the first; then turning her eyes towards her grand-papa, she seemed to expect with a sort of impatience the commendation he owed me, and which he gave me in fact so full and so entire, and with an air so full of satisfaction, that the whole table was eager to join in chorus. This instant was short, but delicious in every respect. This was one of those uncommon moments which bring back things to their natural order, and revenge merit abused by the injury of fortune. A few minutes afterwards,
Miss

Miss de Breil, raising her eyes once more on me, begged me, in a voice as timid as it was affable, to bring her something to drink. You judge I did not make her wait. But in approaching I was seized with so great a trembling, that, having filled her glass too full, I spilt some of the water on her plate and even on herself. Her brother giddily asked me why I shook so? This question did not serve to recover me, and Miss de Breil reddened like a turkey.

Here finished the romance; where you will remark, as with Madam Basile, and in the whole course of my history, that I am not happy in the conclusion of my amours. I in vain attended the antichamber of Madam de Breil; I never more obtained one mark of attention from her daughter. She went out and in without looking at me, and, for my part, I hardly dared look towards her. I was even so stupid and so unskilled, that one day in passing she let fall her glove; instead of flying to the glove which I could have covered with kisses, I dared not stir from my place, and suffered it to be taken up by a great lubber of a valet, whom I could have knocked down with pleasure. That I might be entirely intimidated, I had not the good fortune to please Madam de Breil. She not only never ordered my service, but never accepted it; and finding me twice in her antichamber, she asked me very coldly if I had nothing to do? I was obliged to leave this dear antichamber: at first I was sorry; but other things happening, I soon thought no more of it. I had ample amends

for the disdain of Madam de Breil in the bounty of her father-in-law, who at last perceived I was there. On the evening of the dinner I spoke of, he held a conversation with me half an hour, with which he seemed satisfied, and which highly delighted me. This good old gentleman, though a man of sense, had less than Madam de Vercellis, but he was more compassionate; I therefore succeeded better with him. He told me to attend the Abbé de Gouvon, his son, who was inclined to serve me; that this inclination, if I would improve it, might be useful to me, in helping me to acquire what I wanted for the destination they intended me. The next morning I ran to the Abbé. He did not receive me as a servant; made me sit down at the corner of his fire; and, questioning me with the greatest mildness, he found my education, which had attempted too many things, had completed none. Seeing particularly I knew a little Latin, he undertook to teach me more. It was agreed I should go to him every morning, and I began the next day. Thus, by one of those caprices you will often meet in the course of my life, at the same time above and below my condition, I was disciple and valet to the same family, and in my servitude I had nevertheless a preceptor whose birth entitled him to be a preceptor to the sons of kings only.

The Abbé de Gouvon was a younger son, and designed by his family to a bishopric; his studies, for this reason, had been carried farther than is usual to children of quality. He had
been

been sent to the university of Sienna, where he remained several years, and from whence he brought a pretty strong dose of cruscantism, in order to be at Turin what formerly the Abbé de Dangeau was at Paris. A disgust of theology threw him into the belles-lettres; this is common enough in Italy to those who enter the career of prelacy. He had, particularly, read the poets; he wrote Latin and Italian verse pretty well. He had, in a word, the necessary taste for forming mine, and giving some choice to the medley with which I had stuffed my head. But, whether my chatter had deceived him on my knowledge, whether he could not support the tediousness of elementary Latin, he put me too forward; I had scarcely translated a few fables of Phædrus, but he threw me into Virgil, where I hardly understood any thing. It was my fate, as will be seen in the sequel, often to be taught Latin, and never to know it. I, nevertheless, laboured zealously enough; and the Abbé lavished his attention with a kindness whose remembrance yet moves me. I spent a good part of the morning with him, as well for my instruction as for his service; not for that of his person, for he never suffered me to do any; but to write under his direction, and to copy. My function of secretary was much more useful to me than that of pupil. I learnt not only Italian in its purity, but it gave me a taste for literature, and some discernment of good authors, which is not acquired at la Tribu's, and which was afterwards useful to me, when I worked alone.

These days were those of my life when I could, without romantic projects, most reasonably give into the hope of preferment. The Abbé, well satisfied with me, told every one so; and I was so singularly in his father's favour, the Count of Favria told me he had talked of me to the King. Madam de Breil had likewise left off treating me with that air of contempt. In fine, I became a sort of favourite in the family, to the great jealousy of the rest of the servants, who, seeing me honoured by the instructions of their master's son, felt plainly I was not long to remain their equal.

As much as I could judge of the views they had for me by a few words dropt at random, but on which I did not reflect till afterwards, it appeared to me, the house of Solar, wishing to run the career of embassies, and perhaps open, in time, the road to the ministry, might have been glad to form, before-hand, a person of merit and talents, and who, depending entirely on them, had been able, in time, to have obtained its confidence, and serve it essentially. This project of the Count de Gouvon was noble, judicious, magnanimous, and truly worthy a great, good, and prudent man; but, besides that I did not see its whole extent, it was too judicious for my brain, and required too much constraint. My stupid ambition sought fortune through adventures only; and seeing no woman in all this, this method of preferment seemed slow, painful, and dull; though I ought to have seen it much more honourable and certain, as women had no hand in it: the species of merit they protect,

was

was not, certainly, equal to what was supposed in me.

Every thing went on miraculously. I had obtained, almost forced the esteem of every one: the proofs were got through, and I was generally regarded in the family as a young man who had the greatest hopes, who was not in his place, but expected to be there. But my place was not that assigned me by mankind; I was to reach it by a quite different road. I come to one of the characteristical touches peculiar to me, which it is sufficient to shew the reader, without adding a reflection.

Although there were many new converts of my species at Turin, I was not fond of, nor ever would see one of them. But I saw some Genevese who were not of them; among others, a M. Mussard, nick-named Wry-chops, a miniature painter, and a distant relation. This M. Mussard found out my abode with the Count de Gouvion, and came to see me with another Genevese named Bâcle, whose companion I had been during my apprenticeship. Bâcle was a very amusing, sprightly young fellow, full of jocular sallies his youth rendered extremely agreeable. I am at once infatuated by M. Bâcle, but so much infatuated as not to be able to quit him. He was soon to depart on his return to Geneva. What a loss I was going to suffer! I felt its whole weight. The better, however, to engross the whole time he stayed, I never left him, or rather he never left me; for I was not at first so far lost as to go out without leave and spend the day with him: but very soon, observing he continually beset me, he

was forbid the house. I was so much heated, that, forgetting every thing, except my friend Bâcle, I never went to the Abbé nor the Count, nor was to be found any longer in the house. I was reprimanded, but did not listen to it. They threatened to dismiss me. This threat was my ruin; it let me perceive it possible Bâcle might not go alone. From that time I saw no other pleasure, no other fate, no other happiness than that of making a like journey; and I saw in it but the ineffable felicity of the journey, at the end of which, to complete it, I discovered Madam de Warens, but at an immense distance; for returning to Geneva I never thought of. The mountains, the fields, the woods, the rivulets, the villages, succeeded each other without end and without ceasing, with fresh delights: this heavenly jaunt seemed to say it would absorb my whole life. I recollected with raptures how much this journey delighted me before. What must it be, when, to all the charms of independence, would be joined that of going with a companion of my age, of my inclinations, and of good humour, without restraint, without obligation of going on or resting but as we pleased? A man must be a fool, to sacrifice a like occasion to projects of ambition of a tardy, difficult, and uncertain execution, and which, suppose them realised, were not worth, in all their splendor, a quarter of an hour's real pleasure and freedom in youth.

Full of this wise fancy, I conducted myself so well, I brought about to get myself turned out, and, to say truth, it was not without trou-

trouble. One evening, on coming home, the steward signified to me my dismissal by the Count's order. It was precisely what I wanted; for seeing, in spite of myself, the extravagance of my conduct, I added, to excuse it, injustice and ingratitude, thus imagining to throw the blame on others, and be justified in my own eyes in an act of necessity. I was told from the Count Favria to speak to him the next morning before my departure; but as they perceived my brain was turned, and that I was capable of not observing it, the steward put off till after this visit the present intended me, and which assuredly I had badly earned; for, not having left me in the state of a valet, I had no fixed wages.

The Count of Favria, young and giddy as he was, shewed on this occasion the most reasonable language, and, I almost dare advance, the tenderest; so much did he recal, in the most flattering and touching manner, the attention of his uncle and the intention of his grandfather. In fine, having brought, in lively colours, to my view, what I sacrificed to my ruin, he offered to make my peace, exacting, as the only condition, that I no more saw the sorry wretch who had seduced me.

It was so plain he did not say this of himself, that, in spite of my stupid inconsiderateness, I felt all the bounty of my old master, and it touched me: but this dear journey was so imprinted on my imagination, that nothing could balance its charms. I was absolutely beyond my wits; I grew flouter, more hardened, affected haughtiness, and arrogantly an-

answered, that, as they had given me my dismissal, I had taken it; that it was too late to retract; and that, whatever might happen to me, I was resolved never to be turned twice out of the same house. At this, the young man was justly irritated, gave me the epithets I deserved, turned me out of his room by the shoulders, and shut the door on my heels. For my part, I went off triumphantly, as one who had gained the greatest victory; and, for fear of having a second combat to sustain, I had the baseness to depart without going to thank the Abbé for his kindness.

To conceive how far I carried my delirium at this time, you should be acquainted to what a point my mind is subject to be heated by the least trifle, and with what force it plunges into the idea of an object which attracts it, however vain this object might sometimes be. The most foolish, the most childish, the most unaccountable plans, sooth my favourite idea, and shew me such a probability as to give into them. Would one believe, that, at near nineteen, I should build my hopes on an empty phial for the subsistence of the rest of my days? Well, hearken.

- The Abbé de Gouvion made me a present, a few weeks before, of an Hern fountain, very pretty, which delighted me. By continually playing this fountain, and talking of our journey, we imagined, the wife Bâcle and I, that one might assist the other, and prolong it. What in the world could be so curious as an Hern fountain? This principle was the foundation on which we built our fortune.

We

We were to assemble the country-people of each village around our fountain, and there meals and good living were to fall on us in greater abundance, as we were both persuaded provisions cost those who gather them nothing, and that when they did not stuff strangers with them, 'twas mere ill-nature. We imagined every where feastings and rejoicings, supposing that, without any other expence than the wind of our lungs, and the water of our fountain, we should be defrayed in Piedmont, in Savoy, in France, and all over the world. We laid out endless projects for our journey, and directed our course northward, rather for the pleasure of crossing the Alps, than for the supposed necessity of stopping at last any where.

This was the plan on which I began the campaign, abandoning, without regret, my protector, my preceptor, my studies, my hopes, and the expectation of an almost certain fortune, to begin the life of an absolute vagabond. Farewel the capital, farewel the court, ambition, vanity, love, the fair, and all the brilliant fortune whose hopes had guided me the preceding year! I set off with my fountain and my friend Bâcle, a purse scantily garnished, but an heart leaping with joy, and thinking of nothing farther than this strolling felicity to which I had at once confined my shining projects.

I made this extravagant journey almost as agreeably, however, as I expected, but not exactly in the same manner; for, although our fountain amused, a few minutes, in the public-houses, the landlord and his wait-
ers,

ers, we must, nevertheless, pay at parting. But that troubled us little: we thought to make use heartily of this resource when our money failed only. An accident saved us the trouble; the fountain broke near Bramant, and it was quite time; for we felt, without daring to say so, that it began to tire us. This misfortune rendered us gayer than before, and we laughed heartily at our inconsiderateness in having forgot that our cloaths and shoes were wearing, or imagining we could replace them by the diversion of our fountain. We continued our journey as merrily as we began it, but drawing a little nearer an end, where our exhausted purses made it necessary to arrive.

At Chambery I became pensive, not on the folly I had committed; never did man so soon or so well make up his mind on the past; but on the reception which awaited me at Madam de Warens's; for I looked on her house exactly as my paternal one. I wrote to her on my entrance at the Count de Gouvion's; she knew the footing I was on, and in complimenting me she gave me some wise lessons on the manner in which I ought to answer the kindness they shewed me. She looked on my fortune as certain, did I not destroy it by my own fault. What would she say on seeing me? It never once came into my head that she might shut her door against me; but I dreaded the vexation I should cause her; I dreaded her reproaches, sharper to me than want. I resolved to endure all in silence, and do every thing to appease her. I saw in the
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universe but her alone ; to live out of her favour could not be.

I was most uneasy about the companion of my journey ; which I was sorry to tell him, and whom I dreaded I should not be able easily to get rid of. I prepared this separation by living coolly with him the last day : the droll fellow comprehended me ; he was more crazy than sottish. I imagined this change would affect him ; I was wrong ; my friend Bâcle was not to be affected. We had hardly set our foot in Annecy, but he says to me, Thou art at home, shook me by the hand, bid me farewell, turned on his heel, and went off. I never heard of him since. Our acquaintance and our friendship lasted together about six weeks ; but the effects have lasted as long as myself.

How did my heart beat in approaching the house of Madam de Warens ! My legs trembled under me, my sight was overcast ; I saw nothing, heard nothing, nor should have known any one ; I was forced to stop several times to breathe and recover my senses. Was it the fear of not obtaining the aid I wanted that troubled me to this degree ? At the age I was of, does the dread of starving produce those alarms ? No, no, I speak it with as much truth as pride ; never at any time of my life could interest or indigence boast of having rejoiced or oppressed my heart. In the course of a life unequal and memorable by its vicissitudes, often without an asylum or bread, I always saw with the same eye both opulence and misery. At a pinch I had begged or stole like another, but feel no uneasiness at being reduced

duced to it. Few men have suffered like me, few have shed so many tears in their lifetime; but never did poverty, or the dread of falling into it, cause me to heave a sigh or drop a tear. My soul, proof against fortune, acknowledged no true happiness or real misery but those which did not depend on her, and it was when nothing was wanting on the side of necessaries I felt myself the unhappiest of mortals.

I had scarcely appeared before Madam de Warens but her countenance cheered me. I leaped at the first sound of her voice, I ran to her feet, and in the transports of melting joy I pressed my lips to her hand. For her part, I don't know whether she had heard of my affair, but I saw little surprise in her countenance, and not the least uneasiness. Poor little fellow! says she, in a soothing tone, you are here again then. I knew very well you were too young for this journey; I am very glad, however, it did not turn out so bad as I dreaded. She afterwards made me tell my whole story, which was not long, and told very faithfully, concealing, however, a few articles, but without sparing or excusing myself.

The question was my lodging. She consulted her maid. I dared not breathe during this deliberation; but when I heard I was to sleep in the house, 'twas with trouble I contained myself; and I saw my little bundle carried to the room intended for me, nearly as St. Preux saw his chair carried back to Madam de Wolmar's. I had, to complete it,
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the pleasure of learning that this favour was not to be transient, and, at a time they thought me attentive to other things, I heard her say, They may talk as they will, but since Providence has brought me him again, I am determined not to abandon him.

Here I am then, at last, fixed at her house. 'Tis not, however, from hence I date the happy part of my life, but it served to prepare it. Although this sensibility of heart, which makes us really enjoy each other, is the work of nature, and perhaps a production of organization, it calls for a situation to unfold itself. Without these occasional causes, a man born with fine feelings would feel nothing, and go out of the world without having known his existence. Such, nearly, had I been till then, and such had I perhaps always been, had I never known Madam de Warens, or if, having known her, I had not lived long enough with her to contract the gentle use of the affectionate sentiments she inspired me with. I dare advance, he who feels only love, does not feel the greatest charms of this life. I am acquainted with another feeling, less impetuous perhaps, but more delightful a thousand times, which sometimes goes with love, and is sometimes separated from it. This sentiment is not friendship alone neither ; it is more luxurious, and tenderer : I don't imagine it can act for one of the same sex ; at least, I know friendship if ever man knew it, and never felt it for any one of my friends. This is not clear, but it will be in what follows ; feelings are not to be thoroughly described but by their effects.

She

She lived in an old house, but large enough to have a room of reserve, in which she received company, and in which she lodged me. This room was in the passage where I have said we had our first conference, and beyond the little brook and gardens you perceived the country. This sight was to the young inhabitant not an indifferent thing. It was, since Bosley, the first verdure I had seen before my window. Always enclosed by walls, I had never before my eyes but the tiles or the street. How charming and sweet was this novelty ! It very much increased my disposition to tenderness. I looked on this pleasing landscape as one of the favours of my dear protectress : it seemed she placed it there on purpose for me ; I placed myself peaceably there by her side ; I saw her every where between the flowers and the verdure ; her charms and those of the spring were blended in my eyes. My heart, till then compressed, found itself more expanded in this space, and my sighs were breathed with more freedom among these orchards.

The magnificence I had seen at Turin was not found at Madam de Warens's, but I found cleanliness, decency, and a patriarchal abundance that ostentation never reaches. She had very little plate, no china, no game in her kitchen, or foreign wine in her cellar ; but both were well furnished, at every one's service, and in her earthen cups she offered excellent coffee. Whoever came there was invited to dine with her or at her house, and never workman, messenger, or traveller, went away without eating or drinking. Her household

hold was composed of her own maid from Fribourg, pretty enough, named Merceret, a valet from her own country, named Claude Anet, whom we shall speak of afterwards, a cook, and two hackney porters for her visits, which happened rarely. This is a great deal for two thousand livres a year; her little income, if well managed, would have, nevertheless, sufficed to all this, in a country where the land is extremely good, and money very scarce. Unhappily, œconomy was never her favourite virtue; she ran in debt, she paid; money served as a wedge, and so it went on.

The manner her house was conducted was precisely what I would have chosen; you may think I took the advantage of it with pleasure. I was least pleased with sitting so long at table. She with trouble supported the first smell of soup or meat. This smell almost made her faint, and her disgust lasted some time. She came to by degrees, chattered, but did not eat. 'Twas half an hour before she tried the first bit. I had dined three times in this time; my meal was finished long before she began hers. I kept her company, and thus eat for two without finding myself worse for it. In fine, I gave into the agreeable sentiment of the well-being I found with her, so much the readier, as this well-being I enjoyed was mixed with no uneasiness on the means of supporting it. Not being yet in the strict confidence of her affairs, I supposed her in a state of always continuing the same. I found the same pleasure in her house afterwards; but, better informed of her real situation, and seeing she

she anticipated on her income, I did not enjoy it with the same tranquillity. Foresight has always, with me, spoiled enjoyment. I saw futurity in vain ; I never could avoid it.

From the first day the easiest familiarity was entertained between us to the same degree it continued during the rest of her life. Little Dear was my name, Mamma hers ; and we always lived together, Little Dear and Mamma, even when years had almost effaced the difference between us. I find that these two names marvellously render the idea of our tones, the simplicity of our manners, and particularly the relation of our hearts. She was to me the tenderest of mothers, who never sought her pleasure, but always my good ; and if sense formed a part in my passion for her, 'twas not to change its nature, but only to render it more exquisite to infatuate me with the charm of having a mamma young and pretty, whom it delighted me to caress : I say to caress, in a literal sense ; for she never thought of sparing her kisses or the tenderest maternal caresses, and it never entered my heart to abuse it. You will say we had, however, at last, relations of another sort : agreed ; but stay a little ; I can't say all at once.

The sight of her, at our first interview, was the only instant truly passionate she ever caused me ; and even that instant was the work of surprise. My indiscreet looks were never busied under her handkerchief, though a plumpness little covered in this part might very well have drawn them there. I had neither transports nor desires with her ; I was in
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a ravishing calm, enjoying without knowing what, I could thus have spent my life and eternity without being tired an instant. She was the only person with whom I never found a dryness of conversation, which is the greatest of punishments, from the obligation of supporting it. Our tête-à-têtes were not so much discourse as an inexhaustible prattle, which to put an end to must be interrupted. So far from the obligation of talking, I was rather obliged to impose myself that of forbearing. By long contemplating her projects, she lost herself in thought. Well, I let her remain so; I said nothing, I gazed on her, and was the happiest of men. I had, besides, another singular trick. Without pretending to the favours of privacy, I continually sought it, and enjoyed it with a passion which degenerated to fury, if it was interrupted. As soon as any one came in, man or woman, 'twas equal to me, I went out murmuring, not being able to remain a third in her company. I went and counted the minutes in her anti-chamber, cursing, a thousand times, these eternal visitors; nor could I conceive how they had so much to say, because I had still more.

I never felt my whole passion for her, but when I did not see her. When I saw her I was contented only; but my uneasiness at her absence carried me to a degree of grief. The necessity of living with her gave me transports so melting as often to draw tears. I shall never forget one great holiday, whilst she was at vespers, I took a walk out of town, my mind
filled

filled with her image and an ardent desire to spend my days with her. I had sense enough to see, that, at present, it was not possible, and that a happiness I so well relished would be short. This gave my contemplation a sorrowfulness which had, however, nothing gloomy in it, and which was allayed by flattering hope. The sound of the bells, which always singularly affected me; the singing of birds, the clearness of the weather, the sweetness of the landscape, the houses scattered and rural, in which I placed in idea our common abode; all this struck me with an impression so lively, so tender, so pensive, and so touching, that I saw myself, as in extacy, transported to those happy times, and in those happy abodes, where my heart, possessing every felicity that could delight it, tasted them in raptures inexpressible, without ever thinking of sensual voluptuousness. I never remember to have launched into futurity so forcibly, and with such illusions; as at that time; and what struck me most in the recollection of this conceit, when it was realized, was to find the objects exactly such as I had imagined them. If ever the dream of a man awake had the air of a prophetic vision, it was certainly this. I was deceived in its imaginary duration only; for the days, and the years, and the whole life, passed in an unalterable tranquillity, but in effect it all lasted but an instant. Alas! my most certain happiness was but a dream. Its accomplishment was almost instantly followed by sleeping no more.

I should never end, was I to enter into the particulars of all the follies the remembrance

brance of this dear Mamma caused me to act, when I was not in her sight. How many times I have kissed her bed, in thinking she had lain there; my curtains, all the furniture of the room, in thinking they were hers, that her dear hand had touched them; even the floor on which I laid myself, thinking she had walked there. Sometimes, even in her presence, the greatest extravagancies have fallen from me, that only the most violent passion seemed able to inspire. One day at table, at the time of her putting a bit in her mouth, I cry out I see a hair in it; she spits it out on her plate; I greedily lay hold of and swallow it. In a word, between me and the most passionate lover there was but only one essential difference, and that renders my state almost inconceivable to reason.

I was returned from Italy, not altogether as I went, but as, perhaps, never at my age any one came back. I brought back from thence, not my virginity, but my maidenhead. I had felt the progress of years; my troublesome constitution, at last, declared itself; and its first eruption, extremely involuntary, gave me apprehensions for my health, which paint, better than any thing else, the innocence in which I had lived till that time. But my fears being soon removed, I learnt this dangerous supplement which diverts the course of nature, and saves young people of my humour many disorders at the expence of their health, their vigour, and sometimes their life. This vice, which shame and timidity find so convenient, has, besides, great enticements for live-

ly imaginations ; that is, to dispose, in a manner, at will, of the whole sex, and to make the beauties which tempt them serve their pleasures without the necessity of obtaining their consent. Seduced by this fatal advantage, I laboured to destroy the sound constitution nature had given me, and to which I had given time to form strongly. Add to this disposition the locality of my present situation ; lodged at a pretty woman's, careſſing her image in my heart, ſeeing her inceſſantly in the day-time, at night ſurrounded by objects which recal her to my mind, ſleeping in the bed I know ſhe has ſlept in. What ſtimulants ! Whatever reader represents them to himſelf, looks on me as already half dead. Quite the contrary : that which ſhould have deſtroyed me, pre- ciſely ſaved me, at leaſt for ſome time. Drown- ed in the pleaſure of her company, the ardent deſire of paſſing my days in it, abſent or pre- ſent, I always ſaw in her a tender mother, a beloved ſiſter, a delightful friend, and nothing farther. I always ſaw her ſo, continually the ſame, and ſaw nothing but her. Her image, always preſent, left room for no other ; ſhe was, to me, the only woman exiſting ; and the extreme gentleneſs of ſentiment with which ſhe inſpired me, not allowing my ſenſes time to awaken for others, defended me from her and the whole ſex. In a word, I was mode- rate becauſe I loved her. From theſe effects, which I badly relate, tell me who can, of what ſpecies was my paſſion for her ? For my part, all I can ſay of it is, that, if this ſeems very extraordinary, what follows will appear much more ſo.

I ſpent

I spent my time the most agreeably, employed on things which pleased me least. These were either plans to adjust, bills to write out, receipts to transcribe: there were herbs to pick, drugs to pound, stills to watch: and in the midst of all this came crowds of travellers, beggars, visits of all sorts. You must entertain, all at once, a soldier, an apothecary, a prebendary, a lady of fashion, and a layic. I inveighed, I grumbled, I swore, I wished all this cursed medley at the devil. For her who took every thing gaily, my fury made her laugh till tears came down her cheeks; and that which made her laugh still more was, to see me grow the more furious, as I could not help laughing myself. These little intervals, which gave me the pleasure of growling, were delightful; and if a chance guest came in during the dispute, she knew how to make the most of it for amusement, in maliciously prolonging the visit, and casting now and then a glance at me, when I could willingly have beat her. She could hardly abstain from bursting, on seeing me, constrained and moderate from decency, give her the looks of a demon, whilst, from my heart, even in spite of me, I thought it all exceeding pleasant.

All these things, without pleasing me in themselves, nevertheless, amused me, because they made a part of a manner of being which charmed me. Nothing that was done around me, nothing they made me do, was after my taste, but every thing was after my heart. I believe I should have arrived at a fondness for

medicine, had not my disgust to it produced toying scenes which incessantly diverted us: it was, perhaps, the first time this art produced a like effect. I pretended to know by the smell a pound of drugs, and it is pleasant to think I was seldom mistaken. She forced me to taste the most detestable drugs. 'Twas in vain I ran off, or would have contended; in spite of my resistance and my horrible grimaces, in spite of myself and my teeth, when I saw those lovely fingers approach my mouth, I must open it and suck. When all her little apparatus was assembled in one room, to hear us run and halloo amidst the burblings of laughter, you would have thought we were acting a farce, instead of making opiate or elixir.

My time was not, however, spent entirely in this foolery. I had found a few books in the room I slept in: the Spectator, Puffendorf, St. Evremond, the Henriade. Though I did not preserve my old passion for reading, yet, to fill my leisure, I read a little of all these. The Spectator, particularly, pleased me much, and was useful to me. The Abbé de Gouvon had taught me to read less eagerly, and with more reflection; I edified more by study. I accustomed myself to reflect on elocution, and on elegant construction; I exercised myself in discerning pure French from the country dialect. For instance, I was corrected in an orthographical fault I made with all our Genevese, by these two verses of the Henriade,

*Soit qu'un ancien respect pour le sang de leurs maîtres
Parlât encor pour lui dans le cœur de ces traîtres :*

The

The word *parlât*, which struck me, taught me that there must be a *t* in the third person of the subjunctive; instead of which I wrote and pronounced *parla*, as in the present of the indicative.

Sometimes I chattered with Mamma on my study; sometimes read to her; I took great pleasure in it; I exercised myself in reading well, and it was useful to me. I have said she had a well-cultivated understanding. It was then in all its prime. Several men of letters had endeavoured to render themselves agreeable to her, and had taught her to judge of works of merit. She had, if I am allowed to say it, a taste a little Protestant; she talked of none but Bayle, and extolled St. Evremond, who had been long dead in France. But that did not prevent her from knowing good literature, and conversing very well on it. She had been brought up in choice society, and coming to Savoy still young, she had lost, in the pleasing company of the nobility of the country, the affected tone of the country of Vaud, where the ladies take wit for sense, and cannot speak but in epigrams.

Though she had seen the court but little, she threw a rapid glance around it, which was, to her, sufficient to know it. She always kept friends there, and, in spite of secret jealousy, in spite of the murmurs her conduct and debts excited, she never lost her pension. She had a knowledge of the world, and the spirit of reflection, which knows to draw advantages from that knowledge. It was the favourite subject of her conversations, and precisely, considering my chimerical notions,

the sort of instruction I most wanted. We read together *la Bruyere* : he pleased her more than *Rochefaucault*, a dull and mortifying book, principally for youth who do not love to see man as he is. When she moralized, she sometimes lost herself a little by wandering; but, with a kiss now and then of the lips or hands, I kept my patience, and her tediousness was not tiresome.

This life was too pleasing to last. I saw it, and the uneasiness of seeing it terminate was the only thing which disturbed its enjoyment. With all our foolery, Mamma studied me, observed me, questioned me, and built up for my fortune vast projects which I could very well have done without. Happily, it was not sufficient to be acquainted with my inclinations, my taste, and my trifling talents; occasions were to be sought to make them useful, and these were not the business of a day. Even the prejudices the poor thing had conceived in favour of my merit, retarded the time of employing it, by making her more difficult on the choice of the means: in fine, all went as I could wish, thanks to the good opinion she had of me; but it was to be lowered, and then farewell ease! One of her relations, named M. d'Aubonne, came to see her. He was a man of great understanding, cunning, and a genius for projects like herself, but did not ruin himself by them, a sort of adventurer. He came from offering the Cardinal of Fleury the plan of a lottery, extremely well composed, but which was not relished. He was going to offer it the court
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of Turin, where it was adopted and put in execution. He stayed some time at Annecy, and became enamoured with the housekeeper, who was a very amiable person, very much of my taste, and the only one I saw with pleasure at Mamma's. M. d'Aubonne saw me, his kinswoman talked to him about me; he undertook to examine me, to see what I was proper for, and, if he found any genius in me, endeavour to place me.

Madam de Warens sent me to him two or three mornings following, on pretext of an errand, and without acquainting me with any thing of it before-hand. He took an excellent method of making me chatter, spoke freely with me, put me under as little restraint as possible, talked to me of trifles and on all sorts of subjects; all without seeming to observe me, without the least affectation, and as if, pleased with me, he would converse without restraint. I was delighted with him. The result of his observations was, that, whatever my exterior and my animated physiognomy might promise, I was, if not absolutely a fool, at least a boy of very little sense, without ideas, almost without acquirements; in a word, a very shallow fellow in all respects; and that the honour of becoming some day the parson of a village was the greatest fortune I ought to aspire to. Such was the account he gave of me to Madam de Warens. This was the second or third time I was thus judged; it was not the last, and the decree of M. Masseron has been often confirmed.

The cause of these judgments is too much connected with my character not to want an

explanation : for, in conscience, it is plainly seen I cannot sincerely subscribe to them ; and that, with all possible impartiality, whatever Messieurs Mafferon, d'Aubonne, and many others have said, I cannot take their word for them.

Two things, almost inalliable, unite in me, without my being able to conceive the manner. A constitution extremely violent, impetuous and lively passions, and ideas slowly produced, confused, and which never offer till after the proper time. You would think my heart and mind do not belong to the same individual. Sentiment quicker than light fills my soul, but, instead of enlightening, it fires and dazzles me. I feel every thing and see nothing. I am transported, but stupid ; I must be cool to think. What astonishes is, that I have my feeling pretty sure, penetration, and even delicate wit, provided they'll wait for me : I can make an excellent impromptu at leisure, but in an instant I never wrote or said any thing clever. I could hold a pretty conversation by the post, as the Spaniards, it is said, play at chess. When I read that stroke of the Duke of Savoy's, who turned round, keeping on his journey, to cry out, *At your throat, Paris merchant !* I said, I am here.

This slowness of thought, joined to the vivacity of feeling, is not in my conversation only ; I have it when alone also, and when I write. My ideas are disposed in my head with the greatest difficulty : they circulate dully ; they ferment till they move me, heat me, give me palpitations ; and, amidst all this emotion,

I see

I see nothing clearly ; I cannot write a single word ; I must wait. Insensibly this vast emotion is suppressed, the chaos is dispersed ; each thing takes its place, but slowly, and after a long and confused agitation. Have you ever seen an opera in Italy ? In changing the scenes there reigns a disagreeable disorder on these grand theatres, which lasts a considerable time : the decorations are all intermixed ; you see in every part a pulling and hauling about which gives pain ; you think the whole is turning topsy-turvy. By degrees, every thing is, however, brought to its place, nothing is wanting, and you are greatly surprised to find a ravishing sight succeed this long tumult. This piece of work nearly resembles that which operates in my brain, when I would write. Had I first known how to wait, and then render, with all their beauties, the things thus painted there, few authors would have surpassed me.

Thence comes the extreme difficulty I find in writing. My manuscripts scratched out, blotted, mixed, not legible, attest the trouble they cost me. Not one but I was obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to the press. I never could do any thing, the pen in hand, opposite a table and paper : 'twas in my walks, amidst rocks and woods ; 'twas in the night, during my slumbers ; I wrote in my brain, you may judge how slowly, particularly to a man deprived of verbal memory, and who, in his life, never could retain six verses by heart. Some of my periods have been turned and winded five or six nights in

my head before they were in a state for going on paper. From thence, likewise, I succeed better in works which demand labour, than in those which must have a certain airiness; as letters, a style I could never get the tone of, and whose occupation is to me the greatest of punishments. I write no letters on the most trifling subject, which do not cost me hours of fatigue; or, if I would write immediately what strikes me, I can neither begin nor end; my letter is a long and confused verbosity; with trouble I am understood when it is read.

I am not only troubled to render my ideas, but even in receiving them. I have studied mankind, and think myself a tolerable good observator: nevertheless, I cannot see any thing in that I perceive; I see clearly that only I recollect, and I have no knowledge but in my recollections. Of all that's said, of all that's done, of all that passes in my presence, I know nothing, I penetrate nothing. The external sign is all that strikes me. But afterwards the whole returns again; I call to mind the time, place, tone, look, gesture, circumstance; nothing escapes me. Then, from what they said or did, I find out what they thought, and it is very seldom I mistake.

So little master of my judgment alone by myself, judge what I must be in conversation, when, to speak a-propos, you must think at one and the same time of a thousand things. The sole idea of so many conformities, of which I am sure to forget at least some one, suffices

to intimidate me. I don't even comprehend how they dare talk in company: for at each word you must pass in review before every person there; you must be acquainted with every man's character, know their history, to be assured of saying nothing which might offend some of them; in which those who frequent the world have a great advantage: knowing better on what to be silent, they are surer of what they say; and with all that, they often let fall absurdities. Judge, therefore, of him who falls there from the clouds! It is almost impossible he should talk a minute with impunity. In private conversations there is another inconvenience I think worse; the necessity of always talking. When you are spoke to, you must answer; and if nothing is said, you must revive the conversation. This insupportable constraint only would have disgusted me of society. I find no torture like that of the obligation of speaking instantly and continually. I don't know whether this proceeds from my mortal aversion to all subjection; but it is sufficient that if I must absolutely talk, I infallibly talk nonsense. What still is more fatal, instead of knowing when to be silent, if I have nothing to say, 'tis then, the sooner to pay my debt, I have the frenzy of wanting to talk. I hasten to stammer quickly words without ideas, very happy when they mean nothing at all. Striving to hide my folly, I seldom fail to shew it.

I believe here is enough to make it understood, how, without being a fool, I have

nevertheless often passed for one, even with people who were thought good judges; so much the more unhappily, as my physiognomy and eyes promised more, and that this expectation frustrated, renders to others my stupidity more shocking. This detail, which a peculiar occasion gave birth to, is not unnecessary to what follows. It contains the key to many extraordinary things I have been observed to do, which is attributed to a savage humour I have not. I should love society like another, was I not certain of appearing there, not only to disadvantage, but quite different to what I am. My determination to write and hide myself from the world is precisely that which suited me. Myself present, my parts had never been known, or even suspected; and this happened to Madam Dupin, though a woman of sense, and though I lived in her house several years. She has often told me so herself since that time. However, all this suffers certain exceptions, and I shall come over it again in the course of the work.

The measure of my talents thus fixed, the state I was fit for thus designed, there was no farther question, for the second time, but the fulfilling my vocation. The difficulty was my not having gone through my studies, or knowing Latin enough even to become a priest. Madam de Warens proposed sending me to be instructed some time at the Seminary. She mentioned it to the Superior; he was a Lazarist, named M. Gros, a good-natured, half-blind, meagre, grey-haired little

tle man, the most spiritual and the least pedantic Lazarist I have known ; which, in fact, is not saying much.

He sometimes came to Mamma's, who welcomed him, and sometimes let him lace her stays; an employment he willingly undertook. Whilst he was thus in office, she ran from one side of the room to the other, doing sometimes one thing, sometimes another. Drawn by the lace, the Superior followed grumbling, and saying every minute, Well, Madam, hold still then. It produced a scene funny enough.

M. Gros heartily gave into Mamma's project. He was contented with a moderate salary, and undertook my instruction. Nothing was wanting but the Bishop's consent, who not only consented to it, but would pay it himself. He likewise permitted me to remain in the secular habit, till they could judge by a trial of the success they might hope.

What a change ! I must submit. I went to the Seminary as to the place of execution. What a doleful place is a seminary ; especially to him that comes from the house of a pretty woman ! I carried one book only, which I begged Mamma to lend me, and which was a great resource to me. You would not guess what sort of a book this was ; a music book. Among the talents she cultivated, music was not forgot. She had voice, sung passably, and played the harpsichord a little. She had had the complaisance to give me a few lessons of music, and she was obliged to bring me from far, for I hardly knew the music of our psalms. I had, nevertheless, so great a passion for this art, I want-

wanted to make a trial of exercising myself alone. The book I carried with me was not of the easiest neither; 'twas Clerambault's cantatas. My application and obstinacy may be conceived, when I tell you, that, without knowing either transposition or quantity, I arrived at decyphering and singing the first ricitative and the first air of the cantata of Alpheus and Arethusa: it is true, this air is scanned so just, you need only recite the verses with their measure to catch the air.

There was a cursed Lazarist at the Seminary who undertook me, and made me detest the Latin he would have taught me. He had short, thick, black hair, a gingerbread face, a bull's voice, the looks of a pole-cat, a wild boar's bristles instead of a beard; his smile was from ear to ear; his limbs played like pullies in a puppet-show: I have forgot his odious name; but his frightful, precise figure I have retained; it is with trouble I recollect him without horror. I think I see him yet in the passage, pulling forward with grace his old square bonnet as a sign to come into his room, more dreadful to me than a cell. Judge of the contrast between such a master for the disciple of a Court Abbé.

Had I remained two months at the mercy of this monster, I am persuaded my head would not have resisted. But the good-natured M. Gros, who perceived I was dull, eat nothing, and grew thin, guessed the cause of my uneasiness; it was not difficult. He took me from the clutches of the animal, and by a still more striking contrast put me to the mildest
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of men. He was a young Abbé from Faucigneran, named M. Gâtier, who studied at the Seminary, and, from complaisance for M. Gros, and I believe from humanity, was so kind as to take from his own studies that time he gave to the direction of mine. I never saw a physiognomy more touching than M. Gâtier's. He was fair, with a beard inclining to caroty. He had the common appearance of people of his province, who under a heavy outside hide a deal of good sense; but that which truly characterised him was a sensible, kind, and affable heart. He had in his large blue eyes a mixture of good temper, tenderness, and sadness, which engaged one to wish him well. In the looks, in the tone of this poor young man, you would have said he foresaw his destiny, and that he felt himself born to misfortune.

His character did not contradict his physiognomy. Made up of patience and complaisance, he seemed to study with me rather than instruct me. Less would have done to have gained my esteem; his predecessor had rendered that extremely easy. Nevertheless, though he bestowed so much time on me, and though each of us did all in his power, and although he took an exceeding good method, I advanced little with much labour. It is singular, that, with conception enough, I could never learn any thing by masters; except my father and M. Lambercier. The little I have got since I learnt alone, as you will see. My reason, disclaiming every kind of yoke, cannot submit to the laws of the moment. Even the dread of not learning prevents my attention. For fear
of

of tiring him who speaks, I feign to understand him ; he goes on, and I understand nothing of it. My reason will march at its own hour ; it cannot submit to another's.

The time of ordination being arrived, M. Gâtier returned to his province a deacon. He carried with him my grief, my attachment, and my gratitude. I sent up prayers for him, which were no more heard than those I made for myself. A few years afterwards I heard, that, being curate of a parish, he had a child by a girl, the only one, though he had an extremely tender heart, he had ever known. This was a dreadful scandal in a diocese so severely governed. Priests, according to what is right, must get none but married women with child. Because he failed in this law of conveniency, he was sent to prison, defamed, and turned out. I don't know whether afterwards he was able to settle his affairs ; but the sense of his misfortunes, deeply graven on my mind, returned when I wrote Emilius, and, uniting M. Gâtier with M. Gaime, I made of these two worthy priests the original of the Vicar of Savoy. I flatter myself the imitation did not disgrace its models.

Whilst I was at the Seminary, M. d'Aubonne was obliged to leave Annecy. M*** took it in his head to be angry that he made love to his wife. 'Twas imitating the gardener's dog ; for though Madam *** was amiable, he lived on poor terms with her, and treated her so brutally a separation was talked of. M*** was an ugly fellow, black as a mole, knavish as an owl, and who by dint of oppressions
ended

ended by being himself driven out. It is said the Provincials revenge themselves on their enemies by songs ; M. d'Aubonne revenged himself on his by a comedy : he sent this piece to Madam de Warens, who shewed it me. It pleased me, and inspired me with a fancy to write one, to try whether I was in effect that blockhead the author had pronounced me ; but it was not till I came to Chambéry I executed this project, in writing *The Lover of Himself*. Thus when I said, in the preface to this work, I wrote it at eighteen, I curtailed a few years.

'Twas about this time an adventure refers to, of little importance in itself, but which in respect to me has had effects that have made a noise in the world when I had forgot it. I had, every week, permission to go out. I have no occasion to mention the use I made of it. One Sunday, being at Mamma's, a fire broke out in the buildings of the Cordeliers, joining the house she occupied. This building, in which was their oven, was stuffed full of dry faggots. The whole was in a short time on fire. The house was in great danger, covered by the flames the wind brought there. They began to remove in haste, and carry the goods into the garden, which was opposite my former windows, and beyond the brook I have already spoken of. I was so affrighted, I threw indifferently out at the window every thing I laid hold of, even a large stone mortar, which at any other time I could hardly have lifted : I was going to throw, equally, a large looking-glass, if some one had not held me.

The

The good Bishop, who that day came to see Mamma, did not remain idle neither. He took her to the garden, where he began prayers with her and all those who were there; so that, coming up some time afterwards, I saw every one on their knees, and I fell on mine. During the holy man's prayer, the wind changed, but so suddenly and so a-propos, that the flames, which covered the house, and had already entered the windows, were driven to the other side of the court, and the house received no damage. Two years afterwards, M. de Bernex being dead, the Antonines, his old brethren, began to collect the pieces which might serve towards his beatification. At the instance of Father Boudet, I joined to these pieces an attestation of the fact I have just stated, in which I did well; but in that I did ill was giving this fact as a miracle. I had seen the bishop at prayers, and during his prayers I saw the wind change, and even extremely a-propos: this I might have said and certified; but that one of these two things was the cause of the other, I ought not to have attested, because I could not know it. However, as far as I can recollect my ideas at that time, a sincere catholic I was in earnest. The fondness for miracles so natural to the human heart, my veneration for this virtuous prelate, the secret pride of having myself contributed to the miracle, aided in seducing me; and if this miracle had been the effect of the most ardent prayers, it is certain I might have attributed to myself a part of it.

More

More than thirty years afterwards, when I published the Letters from the Mountain, M. Freron discovered this certificate, I don't know by what means, and made use of it in his paper. I must own the discovery was fortunate, and the patness appeared even to me extremely pleasant.

I was fated to be the outcast of all conditions. Although M. Gâtier gave the least unfavourable account possible, they saw it was not proportioned to my labour, which had nothing encouraging to carry my studies farther. The Bishop and the Superior, therefore, gave me over, and I was returned to Madam de Warens as a person not worth the making even a priest of; in other respects a good lad, say they, and not vicious: this caused her, in spite of every dispiriting prejudice against me, not to abandon me.

I brought back to her, in triumph, the music-book I had made so good use of. My air of Alpheus and Arethusa was nearly all I had learnt at the Seminary. My remarkable taste to this art gave rise to a thought of making me a musician. The occasion was convenient. She had music at least once a week at her house, and the music-master of the cathedral, who directed this little concert, came very often to see her. He was a Parisian, named M. la Maître, a good composer, very lively, very gay, still young, pretty well made, little sense, but on the whole a very good kind of man. Mamma made me acquainted with him; I was all to him, and did not displease him: the salary was mentioned; 'twas agreed on.

In

In short, I went to him, passed the winter there the more agreeably as the house was not more than twenty paces from Mamma's; we were with her in a moment, and supped there very often together.

You may judge, the life of the band, always singing and gay with the musicians and the singing-boys of the choir, pleased me more than the Seminary and the fathers of St. Lazarus. However, this life, though more free, was not less even and regular. I was made to love independence, and never abuse it. During an intire six months, I never went out once, but to Mamma's or church; nor did I even wish it. This interval is one of those in which I lived in the greatest calm, and that I recollect with the greatest pleasure. In the divers situations I have found myself, some of them have been marked with a sentiment of well-doing, that, in bringing them again to my memory, I am as affected by them as if I was still there. I not only recal time, place, and persons, but every encompassing object, the temperature of the air, its smell, its colour, a certain local impression which is not felt but there, and whose lively remembrance carries me there again. For instance, all they repeated at the band, all they sung at the choir, all they did there, the charming and noble dress of the canons, the priests chasubles, the chanters mitres, the musician's persons, an old lame carpenter who played the counter-bass, a little spark of an abbé who played the violin, the tattered cassock which, after laying down his sword, M. le Maitre put over his secular coat,

coat, and the beautiful fine surplice with which he covered the tatters to go to the choir; the loftiness with which I went, holding my little flute, placing myself at the orchestra in the gallery, for a little end of a recitative M. le Maitre had composed on purpose for me; the good eating that awaited us afterwards, the good appetite we carried there; this concourse of objects, brought back in a lively manner, has an hundred times charmed me by my memory, as much or more than in reality. I have always retained a feeling inclination for a certain air of *Conditor alme syderum*, which goes by iambics; because, one Sunday in Advent, I heard from my bed this hymn sung before day, on the steps of the cathedral, according to a custom of this church. Miss Merceret, Mamma's woman, knew a little of music: I shall never forget the little anthem *Afferte* which M. le Maitre obliged me to sing with her, and which his mistress heard with so much pleasure. In fine, all down to the good-natured girl Perrine, who was so good a girl, and whom the singing-boys teased to madness, every thing of the remembrance of those times of happiness and innocence often returns to enrapture and afflict me.

I lived at Annecy almost a twelvemonth without the least reproach; every one was satisfied with me. Since my return from Turin I had committed no follies, nor did I commit any whilst I was with Mamma. She always conducted me properly; my attachment to her was become my sole passion, and a proof it was not a foolish passion, my
heart

heart formed my reason. It is true, this only sentiment, absorbing, in a manner, all my faculties, put it out of my power to learn any thing, not even music, though I made every effort. But it was not my fault; none could be more willing; assiduity was not wanting. I was inattentive and pensive; I sighed; what could I do? Nothing was wanting to my progress which depended on me; but that I might commit fresh follies, a subject only was necessary. This subject presented itself; chance settled all, and, as you will afterwards see, my foolish head made use of it.

One evening, in the month of February, in very cold weather, as we were all around the fire, we heard a knocking at the street door. Perrine takes the lanthorn, goes down, and opens: a young man comes in with her, comes up stairs, introduces himself with an easy air, and pays M. le Maitre a short and well-turned compliment; says he is a French musician, that the bad state of his purse obliged him to ask the vicar, to get on his road. At this word of French musician, M. le Maitre's good-natured heart leaped for joy; he was passionately fond of his country and his art. He receives the young traveller, offers a lodging he seemed much to want and accepted without much ceremony. I observed him, whilst he warmed himself and chattered, till supper time. Short of stature, but very square; he had I don't know what ill in his make, without any particular deformity; he was, one may say, hump-backed with flat shoulders, but I believe he limped a little. He had

on a black coat rather worn than old, which was falling to pieces, a very fine but very dirty shirt, beautiful fringed ruffles, spatter-dashes into each of which he might have put both his legs, and, to keep the snow from him, a little hat to carry under his arm. In this odd equipage he had, nevertheless, something noble which his conversation did not contradict; his look was delicate and agreeable; he talked with ease and well, but not very modestly. Every thing shewed him a young libertine, who had education, and did not go begging as a beggar, but as a fool. He told us his name was Venture de Villeneuve, that he came from Paris, that he lost his way, and, forgetting a little his story of musician, he added he was going to Grenoble, to see a relation who was of the parliament.

During supper music was talked of, and he talked well. He knew all the greatest virtuosi, every actor, every actress, every pretty woman, every nobleman. He seemed perfectly acquainted with all that was said; but a subject was scarcely begun, but he threw into the conversation some joke which made them laugh and forget all they had said. This was on Saturday; the next day we had music at the cathedral. M. le Maitre asked him to sing there, *With all my heart*; asks him his part? *The counter-tenor*, and talks of something else. Before going to church they offer him his part to peruse; he did not look at it. This gasconade surprised le Maitre: he whispers to me and says, You'll see he does not know a single note in music. I am much afraid
of

of it, say I. I follow them extremely uneasy. When they began my heart beat with terrible force; for I was very much inclined to wish him success.

I had soon reason to recover myself. He chanted his two recitatives with all the justice and taste imaginable, and what more is, with an extremely pretty voice. I was hardly ever more agreeably surpris'd. After mass, M. Venture was complimented to the skies, by the canons and musicians, to which he replied joking, but always with a deal of grace. M. le Maître embraced him heartily; I did the same: he saw I was very glad, and it seem'd to give him pleasure.

You will agree, I am sure, that, after being infatuated by M. Bâcle, who, take him together, was but a booby, I might be infatuated of M. Venture, who had education, talents, wit, and the knowledge of the world, and who might pass as a pleasing libertine. 'Twas what happened to me, and what might have happened, I believe, to any other young man in my place; so much the more readily too, if he had a better knack of perceiving merit, and a better relish to be engaged by it: for Venture had merit beyond contradiction, and he had a very rare one at his age, that of not being forward in shewing his acquirements. It is true, he boasted of many things he knew nothing of; but of those he knew, which were pretty numerous, he said nothing: he waited the occasion of shewing them; he made use of them without forwardness, and this had the greatest effect. As he stopped

at

at each thing without speaking of the rest, you could not tell when he would finish. Sportful, waggish, inexhaustible, ensnaring in his conversation, always smiling, never laughing, he said in a most elegant tone of voice the rudest things, and made them pass. Even the modestest women were astonished why they suffered him. It was in vain they knew they should be angry, they had not the power. He desired none but prostitutes; I don't believe he was made for fortunes, but he was made for rendering infinitely agreeable the society of those who had them. It was unlikely, that, with so many agreeable talents, in a country where they are well understood and cherished, he long remained within the sphere of a musician.

My inclination to M. Venture, more reasonable in its cause, was likewise less extravagant in its effects, though more active and more durable, than that I had towards M. Bâcle. I loved to see him, hear him; all he did seemed charming, all he said seemed oracles: but my infatuation did not extend so far as not to be separated from him. I had in the neighbourhood a good preservative against this excess. Besides, finding his maxims very good for him, I saw they were not for me to make use of: I wanted another kind of pleasure, of which he had no idea, and of which I dared not speak to him, certain he would have ridiculed me. However, I wanted to ally this attachment to that which governed me. I spoke of it with transport to Mamma; le Maître spoke to her of it with

commendation. She consented to his introduction ; but the interview did not succeed at all : he thought her formal ; she saw him a libertine ; and being alarmed at my making so bad an acquaintance, she not only forbid my bringing him there again, but so strongly pointed out to me the danger of this young man, I became a little more circumspect towards him, and, very happily for my morals and my brains, we were soon separated. M. le Maitre had the tastes of his art : he loved wine : at table, however, he was sober ; but at work in his closet he must drink. His maid knew it so well, that, as soon as he prepared his paper for composing, and had taken his violoncello, his pot and glass arrived an instant afterwards, and the pot was replenished from time to time. Without ever being absolutely drunk, he was almost always fuddled ; and faith it was pity, for he was a person essentially good, and so merry, Mamma called him no other than *Little Cat*. Unfortunately, he was fond of his talent, worked much, and drank the same. This reached his health, and at last his humour ; he was sometimes suspicious, and easily offended. Incapable of rudeness, incapable of disrespect to any one, he never spoke an ill word, even to his singing-boys. But neither would he be treated disrespectfully ; that was but just. The evil lay in his having little knowledge ; he did not distinguish tone or character, and often took the huff at nothing.

The ancient chapter of Geneva, where, formerly so many princes and bishops thought
it

it an honour to sit, has lost, in their exile, its ancient splendor, but has preserved its loftiness. To be admitted, you must be either a gentleman or a doctor of Sorbonne. If there is a pardonable pride after that derived from personal merit, it is that merit birth gives. Besides, all priests, who have laity in their pay, treat them, in general, haughtily enough. 'Twas thus the canons often treated poor le Maitre. The chanter, particularly, named M. Abbé de Vidonne, who in other respects was a very accomplished man, but too full of his noblesse, had not always that respect for him his talents merited; the other could not well put up with his disdain. In the Passion-week of this year they had a sharper dispute than usual at a dinner of institution the Bishop invited the canons to, and where le Maitre was always asked. The chanter did him some injustice, and said something harsh, which the other could not digest. He that moment took a resolution of leaving them the following night, and nothing could make him desist from it, though Madam de Warens, whom he went to take leave of, did all in her power to appease him. He could not renounce the pleasure of being revenged on his tyrants, in leaving them distressed in the Easter holidays, a time when they were in the greatest want of him. But that which distressed him likewise, was his music he would take with him; this was not easy. It formed a chest pretty large and very heavy, not to be taken under one's arm.

Mamma did as I had done, and would yet do, in her place. After many efforts to retain

him, seeing him resolved to go at all events, she determined to help him as much as depended on her. I dare advance she owed it him. Le Maitre had devoted himself, in a manner, to her service. Whether in what belonged to his art, or what depended on attention, he was entirely at her commands; and the heart, which went with it, gave his complaisance an additional value. She therefore did no more than return a friend, on an essential occasion, what he had done for her, in detail, during three or four years; but she had a soul, which, to fulfil such duties, had no occasion to be told it was for her. She sent for me, ordered me to follow M. le Maitre at least as far as Lyons, and to remain with him as long as he wanted me. She has told me since, that the desire of removing me from Venture had a great share in this business. She consulted Claude Anet, her faithful servant, as to the conveyance of the chest. His advice was, that instead of taking a pack-horse, which would infallibly discover us, we must, at dark, carry the chest on our shoulders to a certain distance, and then hire an ass in some village, to carry it to Seyssel, when, being in the French territories, we had nothing more to fear. This counsel was followed: we departed at seven the same evening, and Mamma, on pretext of paying my expences, swelled the petty purse of the poor Little Cat by an addition which was not useless. Claude Anet, the gardener, and I, carried the chest as we could to the nearest village, where an ass relieved us, and the same night we reached Seyssel.

I think

I think I have observed somewhere, that there are instants in which I so little resemble myself, I might be taken for another man of a quite opposite character. You are going to see an example of this. M. Reydelet, vicar of Seyssel, was canon of St. Peter's, of course M. le Maitre's acquaintance, and one of those he should hide himself most from. My advice was, on the contrary, to go and introduce ourselves there, ask him to lodge us on some pretext, as coming by consent of the chapter. Le Maitre relished this notion, which rendered his vengeance mocking and pleasant. We therefore went boldly to M. Reydelet's, who received us well. Le Maitre told him he was going to Bellay, by desire of the Bishop, to direct his music in the Easter holidays; that he should return in a few days: and, in support of this lie, I stuffed in an hundred more, so natural, that M. Reydelet thought me a smart lad, and shewed me kindness with a thousand caresses. We were well treated, well lodged; M. Reydelet did not know how to make enough of us; and we separated the best friends in the world, promising to stay longer on our return. We could hardly stay till we were alone to burst with laughing, and I declare it takes me again now on thinking of it; for you could not imagine a trick better supported or more happy. It had made us merry the whole journey, had not M. le Maitre, who incessantly drank, and reeled about, been attacked two or three times by a fit, to which he became very subject, very much resembling an epilepsy. This threw us into a disorder that

affrighted me, and which I thought to extricate myself from as I could.

We went to Bellay to pass the Easter holidays, as we had told M. Reydelet; and though we were not expected, we were received by the music-master, and welcomed by every one, with the greatest pleasure. M. le Maitre was esteemed for his skill, and merited it. The music-master at Bellay honoured him with his best compositions, and endeavoured to obtain the approbation of so good a judge; for, besides being a connoisseur, le Maitre was equitable, not at all jealous, no flattering parasite. He was so superior to all those provincial music-masters, and they so well knew it, they regarded him less as a brother artist than as their head.

Having passed, very agreeably, four or five days at Bellay, we left it, and continued our journey, without any other accident than those just mentioned. Arrived at Lyons, we were lodged at Notre Dame de Pitié; and while waiting for the chest, that, favoured by another falsity, we had embarked on the Rhone, by the care of our good protector, M. Reydelet, M. le Maitre went to see his acquaintances, among others Father Caton, a Cordelier, of whom we shall speak afterwards, and the Abbé Dortan, Count of Lyons. Both received him well, but betrayed him, as you will presently see; his good fortune ended at M. Reydelet's.

Two days after our arrival at Lyons, as we were passing up a little street, not far from our inn, le Maitre was taken with one of his fits;

fits; this was so violent, I was seized with terror. I cried out, called help, named his inn, and begged he might be carried there; then, whilst they assembled and crowded around a man fallen without sense and foaming in the middle of the street, the only friend on which he depended, left him. I took the instant when no one thought of me, turned the corner of the street, and disappeared.—Thanks to Heaven, I have finished the third painful declaration! Did many more remain, I should abandon the work I have begun.

Of all I have hitherto said, a few vestiges are to be found in the places I have lived; but that I mean to speak of in the following book is entirely unknown. They are the greatest extravagancies of my life, and it was lucky they did not finish worse. But my head, raised to the tone of a foreign instrument, got out of its diapason; it came back of itself; I then quitted my follies, or at least I committed those which better agreed with my natural disposition. This period of my youth is that I have the most confused idea of. Nothing passed at this time which sufficiently engaged my heart to trace in a lively manner its remembrance; and it will be strange, if, in so many turnings and windings, in so many successive changes, I do not transpose time or place. I write absolutely from memory, without notes, without matter, which might remind me of it. There are events of my life as present as when they happened; but there are gaps and voids I cannot fill up but by the assistance of recitals as confused as their

remaining remembrance. I may, therefore, have erred, and may err again on trifles, until the time I had more certain marks to conduct me; but in that which is of real import to the subject, I am sure of being exact and faithful, as I shall always endeavour to be on every thing: this may be depended on.

As soon as I had quitted M. le Maitre, my resolution was taken, and I set out on my return to Annecy. The cause and the mystery of our departure had given me great concern for the safety of our retreat; and this concern, wholly employing me, had caused a diversion for some days from that which called me back again: but the moment security had produced tranquillity, the governing sentiment took place again. Nothing flattered me, nothing tempted me; I had no other desire than that of returning to Mamma. The tenderness and reality of my affection for her, had rooted from my heart all imaginary projects, all the follies of ambition. I saw no other happiness than that of living with her, nor did I take one step without feeling I was removing from this happiness. I therefore returned there as fast as possible. My return was so quick, and my mind so distracted, that, although I recollect with so much pleasure all my other journeys, I have not the least remembrance of this. I recollect nothing at all of it, except my departure from Lyons, and my arrival at Annecy. Judge if this last period could ever quit my memory: at my arrival, I found Madam de Warens was no more there; she was gone to Paris.

I ne-

I never rightly knew the secret of this journey. She would have told me, I am very certain, had I pressed her; but never was man less curious of knowing the secrets of friends. My mind solely employed on the present, it fills up its whole extent, its whole space, and, except past pleasures, which are henceforth my enjoyments, there is not the least spare corner for that which exists no more. All I thought I perceived in the little she said to me of it was, that, by the revolution caused at Turin in the abdication of the King of Sardinia, she dreaded being forgot, and wanted, favoured by the intrigues of M. d'Aubonne, to get the same support of the Court of France, which, she has often told me, she would have preferred; because the multiplicity of great interests prevents one's being so disagreeably watched. If it was so, it is surprising, that, on her return, they did not receive her with more indifference, and that she always enjoyed her pension without interruption. Many people thought her charged with some secret commission, either from the Bishop, who at that time had some affairs at the Court of France, where he himself was obliged to go, or from some one still more powerful, who knew to prepare for her a happy return. It is certain, if that was so, the Ambassadress was not badly chosen, and that, still young and beautiful, she had every necessary talent for succeeding in a negotiation.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

T H E
C O N F E S S I O N S

O F

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK IV.

I ARRIVE and don't find her there. Judge of my surprise and my affliction! 'Twas then the regret of having shamefully abandoned M. le Maitre began to pinch. It was still sharper when I learnt the accident that had happened to him. His chest of music, which contained his whole fortune, this choice chest, saved with so much trouble, had been seized on coming into Lyons by the vigilance of the Count Dortan, to whom the Chapter had wrote to apprize him of this private theft. Le Maitre claimed, in vain, his property, his livelihood, the labour of his whole life. The property of this chest was certainly subject to dispute; there was none. The affair was decided in the very instant by the laws of the strongest, and poor le Maitre thus lost the fruit of his talents, the labours of his youth, and the dependence of his old-age.

Nothing was wanting to the shock I received to render it overwhelming. But I was of an age
when

when great grief has little power, and soon forged myself consolation. I expected to hear very soon from Madam de Warens, though I did not know her direction, and she was ignorant of my return; and as to my desertion, every thing reckoned, I did not think it so culpable. I had been useful to M. le Maitre in his retreat; 'twas the only service I could do. Had I remained with him in France, I could not have cured his disorder, I could not have saved his chest, I should only have doubled his expences, without being able to serve him in the least. Thus it was I then saw the affair; I now see it otherwise. It is not when a dirty action is just committed, it torments us; it is on the recollection of it long afterwards; for its remembrance does not die.

The only means of hearing from Mamma was to wait; for how was I to seek for her at Paris, and with what make the journey? There was no place so certain as Annecy to know sooner or later where she was. I therefore remained there. But I conducted myself bad enough. I did not go to see the Bishop who had patronized me, and might still have patronized me. My protector was no more with me, and I dreaded a reprimand on our evasion. I went still less to the Seminary. M. Gros was gone. I saw none of my friends: I should have went with pleasure to see the Intendant's lady, but dared not. I did worse than all that. I found out M. Venture again, of whom, though so much delighted with him, I had not thought since my departure. I found him again shining and welcomed in

every part of Annecy, the ladies tearing him from each other. This success quite turned my head. I saw nothing but M. Venture, and he almost made me forget Madam de Warens. The better to benefit by his lessons, I proposed lodging with him; he consented. He lodged at a shoemaker's; a droll, pleasant fellow, who in his gibberish called his wife nothing but slut; a name she much deserved. He had wranglings with her, which Venture took care to promote, in seeming to wish the contrary. He had the strangest dry sayings, which in his country accent had the finest effect; 'twas scenes which would make one burst with laughing. Thus passed the mornings without thought. At two or three we eat a bit of something. Venture went out into companies, where he supped; and I went a walking alone, meditating on his great merit, admiring and coveting his rare talents, and cursing my ugly stars, that had not called me to this happy life. Ah! how little I knew of it! Mine had been an hundred times more charming, had I been less a fool, and known better how to enjoy it.

Madam de Warens had taken with her Anet only; she had left Merceret, her chamber-maid, of whom I have already spoken. I found her still occupying her mistress's apartment. Miss Merceret was a little older than myself, not pretty, but agreeable enough; a good-natured girl from Fribourg, without malice, and in whom I knew no other fault than muttering a little at her mistress. I went to see her pretty often; she was an old acquaintance, whose sight called to my mind one more dear, and made

made me love her. She had several acquaintances ; among others, a Miss Giraud, of Geneva, who, for my sins, took it in her head to have an inclination for me. She continually begged Merceret to bring me to her house ; I consented to go, because I loved Merceret well enough, and that we found other young people there I saw with pleasure. As for Miss Giraud, who did nothing but ogle me, nothing can be added to the aversion I had for her. When she came near me with her hard black snout besmeared with Spanish snuff, I could hardly abstain from heaving. But I took patience, and, except that, I was well enough pleased with these girls ; whether to court Miss Giraud, or myself, each strove to surpass the other in feasting me. I saw nothing but friendship in all this. I have since thought it my own fault I did not see more ; but then I did not think so.

Besides, mantua-makers, chambermaids, little tradeswomen, did not tempt me much. I wanted young ladies. Every one to his fancy, that was always mine, nor do I think with Horace on that point. It is not, however, at all, the vanity of rank which attracts me ; 'tis a complexion better preserved, prettier hands, a more graceful attire, an air of delicacy and neatness over all their person, more taste in the manner of their dress and their expression, a gown finer and better made, a leg and foot more delicately formed, ribbands, lace, hair better disposed. I should always prefer less beauty, having more of all this. I myself find
this

this preference very ridiculous ; but my heart gives into it in spite of me.

Well, this advantage offered too, and it depended on me only to lay hold of it. How I love to fall from time to time on the agreeable minutes of my youth ! They were so sweet, so short, so rare, and I tasted them at so cheap a rate ! Ah ! their remembrance only brings back to my heart pure delights I greatly stand in need of to revive my spirits, and support the sorrows of my remaining years.

Aurora one morning appeared so beautiful, that, dressing myself precipitately, I hastened into the country to see the rising sun. I relished this pleasure with all its charms ; 'twas the week after Midsummer-day. The earth in its gayest cloathing was covered with herbs and flowers ; the nightingales, whose warbling grew near its end, seemed to outvie each other in raising their lovely notes ; the whole of the feathered race, bidding in chorus farewell to spring, welcomed the birth of a fine summer's day, of one of those heavenly days which are not seen at my age, and which the pensive soil I now inhabit never saw.

I insensibly left the city, the heat increased, and I walked under the shade in a valley by the side of a brook. I hear behind me the steps of horses, and the voice of some girls, who seemed in trouble, but who did not laugh less heartily. I turn round, they call me by my name ; I approach, and see two young people of my acquaintance, Miss de G*** and Miss Galley,

ley, who, not being the best of horsewomen, knew not how to get their horses across the brook. Miss de G*** was a young lady from Berne, very amiable, who, for some folly of her age, having been sent out of her country, had imitated Madam de Warens, where I had sometimes seen her; but not, like her, getting a pension, she was very happy in her acquaintance with Miss Galley, who, having contracted a friendship for her, engaged her mother to let her have her as a companion, until something could be done with her. Miss Galley, one year younger than her, was prettier; she had something of I don't know what more delicate and smart about her; she was likewise at the same time slender and well shaped, which is for a girl a happy thing. They were tenderly fond of each other, and the kind character of the one and the other must long entertain this harmony, if no lover came to disturb it. They told me they were going to Toune, an old castle belonging to Madam Galley; they begged my assistance in making their horses go on, not being able to do it themselves: I would have whipped their horses, but they feared my being kicked, and their being thrown. I had recourse to another expedient: I took the bridle of Miss Galley's horse, and pulling him after me, I crossed the brook with the water half up my legs; the other horse followed without difficulty. This done, I would have saluted the ladies, and gone off like a booby: they spoke softly to each other, and Miss G***, addressing herself to me, No, no, said she, you must not leave

leave us in that manner. You have wetted yourself to serve us, and we ought, in conscience, to take care and dry you : please to come with us, we take you prisoner. My heart beat ; I looked at Miss Galley. Yes, yes, said she, laughing at my bewildered look, prisoner of war : get up behind her ; we'll give an account of you. But, Miss, I have not the honour of being known to your mother ; what will she say on seeing me there ? Her mother, replied Miss de G***, is not at Touné ; we are alone : we return to-night, and you shall come back with us.

The effect of electricity is not quicker than that these words had on me. In leaping on Miss de G***'s horse, I trembled with joy, and when I was to embrace her to hold myself on, my heart beat so strong she perceived it : she told me hers beat likewise through fear of falling ; this was, in my posture, an invitation to verify the affair : I never dared during the whole ride ; my two arms served her as a girdle, extremely tight, but without changing, one moment, their position. Some women who read this would box my ears with pleasure, and would not be to blame.

The pleasure of the journey, and these girls chatter, so much sharpened mine, that till the evening, and the whole time we were together, we were never silent a moment. They made every thing so agreeable, my tongue said as much as my eyes, though not the same things. A few instants only, whilst I was alone with one or the other, the conversation was a little embarrassed ; but the
absent

absent one soon returned, and did not give us time to explain this confusion.

Arrived at Toune, and I well dried, we breakfasted; after which they must proceed to the important business of getting the dinner ready. The two young ladies, while cooking, kissed, now and then, the farmer's children, and the poor scullion saw it, biting his lips. They had sent provisions from the town, which sufficed to make an exceeding good dinner, particularly in dainties; but, unfortunately, they had forgot the wine. This forgetfulness was not surprising in girls who drank little; but I was sorry, for I depended a little on its assistance to embolden me. They, likewise, were sorry for it, and perhaps for the same reason; but I don't think so. Their lively and charming mirth was innocence itself; besides, what could they have done with me between them? They sent for wine every where: none was to be had; so sober and poor are these peasants. As they remarked to me their uneasiness at it, I told them not to give themselves the least trouble about it; that they had no occasion for wine to make me drunk. This was the only gallantry I dared pronounce the whole day; however, I believe the rogues saw plainly this gallantry was a truth.

We dined in the farmer's kitchen; the two friends sat on benches which were on each side the table, and their visitor between them on a three-legged stool. What a dinner! What a remembrance full of charms! How, when we can, at so trifling an expence, taste pleasures so pure
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and so real, want to seek others ! Never was dinner at the Mad-house of Paris to be compared to this meal ; I don't mean for mirth only, for pleasing joy, but I mean for sensuality.

After dinner we thought of œconomy. Instead of taking the coffee that remained at breakfast, we kept it for the afternoon, with cream and cakes they had brought from town ; and to keep our appetite sharp, we went to finish our desert on cherries in the orchard. I got up the trees, from whence I threw them clusters, whose stones they returned through the branches. Once Miss Galley holding her apron forward, and her head backward, stood so fair, and I aimed so well, I caused a bunch to drop on her neck ; at which she laughed. Said I to myself, Why are not my lips cherries ? How readily would I throw them there likewise !

The day passed thus in romping with the greatest liberty, and always with the greatest decency. Not one equivocal word, not one free expression ; we did not impose this decency on ourselves ; it came of itself ; we followed the manner our heart taught us. In fine, my modesty, others will say my stupidity, was such, that the greatest liberty that escaped me was kissing, once, Miss Galley's hand. It is true, the circumstance made this trifling favour valuable. We were alone ; I breathed with difficulty ; her eyes were turned to the ground. My lips, instead of seeking words, resolved to fix on her hand, which she gently drew away, after it was kissed, with a look
which

which was not an angry one. I don't know what I should have said to her: her friend came in, and I thought her ugly at that instant.

In fine, they remembered, that, if they staid too late, the city gates would be shut. We had only time sufficient to get in by daylight, and hastened to set off, in distributing ourselves as we came. Had I dared, I had transposed this order; for the look from Miss Galley had greatly inflamed me; but I could say nothing, and she could not propose it. On our march we said the day was to blame to end; but, far from complaining of its shortness, we saw we had found the secret of prolonging it by every amusement we were able to invent.

I left them near the place they had taken me up. With what regret did we separate! With what pleasure did we plan another interview! Twelve hours spent together were worth ages of familiarity. The sweet recollection of this day could never torture the hearts of these amiable girls; the tender harmony which reigned amongst us three, was equal to livelier pleasures, and could not have subsisted with them: our fondness for each other was without mystery or disgrace, and we wanted to retain this fondness for ever. Innocence of manners has its sensuality, which is at least of a price with the other, because it has no void, and acts continually. For my part, I know that the remembrance of so delightful a day charms me more, comes back again more to my heart,

heart, than that of any pleasures I ever tasted. I did not well know what I wanted of these two charming girls, but each very much engaged me. I do not say, that, had I been master in this business, my heart would have been divided; I was sensible of a preference. I had been happy in having Miss de G*** for a mistress; but if I had had my choice, I should have liked her better as a confidant. Be that as it may, it seemed, on quitting them, I could not live without one or the other. Who would think I should never see them more, and that here ended our ephemeral amours?

Those who read this will not fail to laugh at my gallant adventures, on remarking, that, after many preliminaries, the most advanced ended in a kiss of the hand. Oh readers, you may mistake! I have, perhaps, had more pleasure in my amours in ending at this kissed hand, than you will ever have in beginning at least there.

Venture, who went very late to bed the night before, came in a little after me. This once I did not see him with the same pleasure as usual; I took care not to tell him how I had passed the day. The young ladies spoke of him with little esteem, and seemed discontented at my being in so bad hands; this hurt him with me: besides, every thing which diverted me from them must be disagreeable to me. However, he soon recalled me to him and myself by talking of my situation. It was too critical to last. Though I spent very little, my little savings were exhausted; I was without resources.

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No news of Mamma; I knew not what to do, and I felt a cruel heart-breaking at seeing Miss Galley's friend reduced to beggary.

Venture told me he had spoke of me to the Chief Justice; that he would take me there to dinner on the morrow; that he was a man who could do me service; besides, an honest man in his way, a man of sense and letters, a very agreeable man in conversation, who had talents and favoured them; then mixing, as usual, the most trifling frivolousness with the most serious affairs, he shewed me a pretty couplet from Paris, to the air of an opera of Mouret, acted at that time. This couplet so much pleased M. Simon, (the Chief Justice's name,) he wanted to compose another in answer, to the same air: he told Venture to compose one likewise; he was so taken with his folly, as to make me compose a third, in order, says he, that they may see couplets arrive the next day, like the sequel of a comic romance.

At night, not being able to sleep, I composed, as well as I could, my couplet: for the first verses I had made, they were passable, better even, or at least with more taste, than I should have made them in the evening; the subject running on a very feeling situation, to which my heart was already much disposed. In the morning I shewed my couplet to Venture, who, thinking it pretty, put it into his pocket, without telling me whether he had composed his or not. We went to dinner at M. Simon's, who received us well. The conversation was agreeable; it could not fail where two men of sense were met, who had
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edified by reading. As for me, I acted my part; I listened and said nothing. Neither of them talked of couplets, I said nothing of them neither; and never, that I heard, was any mention made of mine.

M. Simon seemed satisfied with my appearance: it was nearly the whole he saw of me during this interview. He had seen me, several times, at Madam de Warens's, without taking much notice of me: so that from this dinner I must date his acquaintance, which was of no service to me as to the object that caused it, but from which I, afterwards, drew other advantages, which recal his memory with pleasure.

I should be wrong in not speaking of his person, which could not be guessed from his quality of magistrate, and the learning on which he piqued himself. The Lord Chief Justice Simon was not, assuredly, two feet high: his legs straight, small, and even pretty long, had they been perpendicular; but they stood stretched like a pair of compasses widely opened. His body was not only short, but thin, and in every sense of a most inconceivable smallness. He must appear like a grasshopper when naked. His head, of a natural size, with a face well formed, a noble air, pretty good eyes, seemed a false one planted on a stump. He might have spared the expence of dress; for his large periwig alone covered him from top to toe.

He had two voices quite different, which incessantly mixed in his conversation, with a contrast at first extremely pleasing, but soon became

came as disagreeable. One grave and sonorous; this was, if I may say so, the voice of his head; the other, sharp and piercing, was the voice of his body. Whenever he took care to speak with composure, and governed his breath, he could always speak with his coarse voice; but, the least heated, and if a higher accent caught him, this accent became like the whistling of a key, and he had the greatest trouble in the world to come to his bass again.

With the figure I have just drawn, and which I have not exaggerated, M. Simon was a courtier, always ready with his amorous discourses, and carried even to coquetry his attention to his person. As he sought his advantages, he the more readily gave audiences in bed; for when a good head was perceived on the pillow, no one imagined there was nothing more. This sometimes gave rise to scenes which I am certain all An-necy still remembers.

One morning waiting in his bed, or rather on his bed, the arrival of some people who had suits at law, in a beautiful night-cap, very fine and white, garnished with two large knots of rose-coloured ribband, a countryman comes in, taps at the door. The maid was gone out. My Lord Chief Justice, hearing it increase, cries, Come in: and this, spoken a little too quick, shot from his shrill voice. The man goes in, and examines from whence came the woman's voice, and perceiving in the bed a woman's cap and a top-knot, he was going out again, asking the lady
a thou-

a thousand pardons. M. Simon grows angry, and cries so much the shriller. The countryman, confirmed in his idea, and thinking himself insulted, returns it, telling him, she is nothing but a prostitute, and that the Lord Chief Justice does not set good examples in his house. The Justice, in fury, and having no other arms than his chamber-pot, was going to throw it at the poor man's head, when his maid came in.

This little dwarf, so disgraced by nature in his body, was amply rewarded by a well-endowed mind: it was naturally agreeable, and he had taken care to adorn it. Though he was, as was said, a very great lawyer, he was not fond of his business. He had taken a turn to polite literature, and had succeeded. He had particularly laid hold of that superficial brilliancy, that airiness, which spreads delights in society, even with women. He had got by heart all the little strokes of the *Ana*, and such like: he had the art of making the most of them, in telling to advantage, with mystery, and as the anecdote of the evening, that which happened sixty years ago. He knew music, and sung agreeably with his man's voice: in fine, he had many pretty talents for a magistrate. By dint of cajoling the ladies of Annecy, he was in favour with them; they had him at their tail like a little monkey. He pretended even to fortunes, and that amused them. A Madam d'Epagny said, that the greatest favour for him, was to kiss a woman on her knees.

As he knew good authors, and talked much
of

of them, his conversation was not only amusing but instructive. In length of time, when I had taken a turn to study, I cultivated his acquaintance, and found it very useful. I sometimes went from Chambery to see him, where I was at that time. He commended, animated my emulation, and gave me on my studies good advice, which I have often benefited by. Unfortunately, this weakly body contained a tender soul. A few years afterwards he had I don't know what trouble, which grieved him, and of which he died. 'Twas a loss; he was certainly a good-natured little man, whom you began with by laughing at and ended by esteeming. Though his life had little to do with mine, as he had given me useful lessons, I thought I might from gratitude bestow a little corner in remembrance of him.

The moment I was at liberty I ran to the street where lived Miss Galley, hoping to see some one go in or out, or opening a window. Nothing, not even a cat, stirred; and all the time I was there they remained as close as if uninhabited. The street was little, and no one stirring in it. A man was remarked there: now and then some one passed, or came in or out of the neighbourhood. I was much troubled with my person; it seemed to me they guessed my business there, and this idea tortured me: for I always preferred to my pleasures the repose of those who were dear to me.

In fine, tired of acting the Spanish lover, and having no guitar, I resolved to go home,

and write to Miss G***. I had preferred writing to her acquaintance; but I dared not, and it was more becoming to write to her to whom I was indebted for the other's acquaintance, and with whom I was more familiar. My letter finished, I carried it to Miss Giraud's, as was agreed between the young ladies and me at parting. They themselves gave me this expedient. Miss Giraud was a quilter, who working, sometimes, at Madam Galley's, could easily get in there. The messenger did not, however, appear to me well chosen; but I was fearful, if I started the least difficulty on this, they would propose no other. Besides, I dared not hint that she would labour in her own behalf. I felt myself mortified at her imagining herself, for me, of the same sex as those ladies. In fine, I chose that repository rather than none, and stuck to it at all hazards.

At the first word la Giraud guessed me: it was not very difficult. If a letter to be carried to a young lady did not speak for itself, my sottish and confused looks had alone discovered me. You may think this errand was not very pleasing to her; she, nevertheless, undertook it, and executed it faithfully. The next morning I ran to her house and found my answer. How did I hasten to get out to read and kiss it at pleasure! That has no occasion to be told; but the part Miss Giraud acted has, in whom I found more delicacy and moderation than I expected. Having sense enough to perceive, that, with her thirty-seven, the eyes of a leveret, a besmeared nose, shrill voice, and

and black skin, she had little chance against two young graceful girls in all the splendor of beauty, she would neither betray nor serve them, and chose, rather, to lose me than procure me for them.

Merceret, receiving no news of her mistress, had some time intended returning to Fribourg; she entirely determined on it. She did more; she hinted to her it would not be amiss that some one conducted her to her father's, and proposed me. Little Merceret, who did not dislike me, thought this idea might be easily executed. She spoke to me of it the same day as an affair settled; and as I found nothing displeasing in this manner of disposing of myself, I consented, regarding this journey as an affair of eight days at most. Giraud, who did not think with me, settled all. I was obliged to own the state of my purse. They provided for it, Merceret undertook to defray my expences; and to gain on one side what they lost on the other, at my instance, it was determined to send her little luggage forward, and that we should go slowly on foot. This was done.

I am sorry to make so many girls in love with me; but as there is no great subject of vanity in the advantage I took of these amours, I think I may tell the truth without scruple. Merceret, younger and less artful than Giraud, never used so strong inticements: but she imitated my voice, my accent, repeated my words, had for me the attention I should have had for her, and always took great care, as she was very fearful, that we lay in the same

chamber; a matter which seldom rests there, between a young fellow of twenty and a girl of twenty-five.

It rested there, however, this time. My simplicity was such, that, tho' Merceret was not disagreeable, it never came in my head during the whole journey, I don't say the least temptation of gallantry, but even the least idea that had any relation to it; and if this idea had struck me, I was too stupid to turn it to advantage. I did not imagine how a girl and a young fellow arrived at lying together; I thought it required ages to prepare this wonderful affair. If poor Merceret in defraying my expences expected some equivalent, she was bit; for we arrived at Fribourg exactly as we set out from Annecy.

In passing through Geneva, I went to see no one; but I almost fainted on the bridges. I never saw the walls of this happy town, never went into it, without feeling a kind of sinking of the heart, which proceeded from tenderness to excess. At the same time the noble image of liberty elevated the mind, that of equality, of union, of mildness of manners, touched me even to tears, and inspired a lively sorrow at having lost all these blessings. What an error, but still how natural! I thought I saw all this in my native country, because I felt it in my heart.

We must pass through Nion. What, without seeing my good father! I should have died with grief. I left Merceret at the inn, and went to see him at every hazard. Ah! was I not to blame to dread him? His heart, on see-

seeing me, opened to those paternal sentiments with which it was filled. What tears were shed in our embraces! He thought, at first, I was returned to him. I told him my story and my resolution. He feebly opposed it. He shewed me the dangers to which I exposed myself, and told me the least follies were best. As to the rest, he was not the least tempted to retain me by force, and in that I think he was right; but it is certain he did not, to recal me, do all he might have done, whether he judged from the steps I had taken I should not have returned, whether he was puzzled to know, at my age, what to do with me. I have since learnt he had an opinion of my travelling companion, very unjust and very far from truth, but, however, natural enough. My mother-in-law, a good woman, a little sweetening, pretended to oblige me to sup there. I did not stay; but I told them I intended to stay longer with them on my return, and left them, as a deposit, my little bundle I had sent by the boat, and which incumbered me. The next morning I set off early, very happy to have seen my father, and to have dared to do my duty.

We happily arrived at Fribourg. Towards the end of the journey, the officiousness of Miss Merceret decreased a little. After our arrival, she shewed me nothing but coolness, and her father, who did not swim in opulence, did not give me a very good reception; I went to lodge at a public-house. I returned to see them the next day; they offered me a dinner, I accepted it. We separated with dry eyes;

I returned at night to my lodging-house, and left the place two days after my arrival, without well knowing which way I intended to go.

Here is another circumstance of my life, where Providence offered me precisely what I wanted to see happy days. Merceret was a very good girl, not brilliant or handsome, but she was not ugly; not passionate; a reasonable girl, except a few trifling humours, which went off with a cry, and never had any outrageous effects. She had a real inclination to me; I might have married her without trouble, and followed the trade of her father. My taste for music would have made me love her. I should have settled at Fribourg, a small city, not pretty, but inhabited by very good people. I should have, without doubt, missed a deal of pleasure, but I should have lived in peace to my last hour; and I ought to know, better than any one, I should not have hesitated at this bargain.

I returned, not to Nion, but to Lausanne. I wanted to have a thorough view of the beautiful lake, which is seen there in its utmost extent. The greatest part of my secret determined motives have not been solid. Distant views are seldom powerful enough to make me act. The uncertainty of future times has always made me regard projects of long execution as the lures of deceit. I give into hope like another, provided it costs me nothing to entertain it; but if it requires a long and painful attendance, I have done with it. The least trifling pleasure within
my

my reach tempts me more than the joys of Paradise. I except, however, the pleasures which are followed by pain: those do not tempt me, because I love pure enjoyments, and we never have them so when we know we prepare for repentance.

It was necessary I should arrive somewhere, and the nearest place was the best; for, having lost my road, I found I was in the evening at Moudon, where I spent the little I had left, except ten creutzers, which went the next day at dinner: and coming in the evening to a little village near Laufanne, I went into a public-house without a sou to pay my lodging, and without knowing what would become of me. I was very hungry; I put on a good face, and asked for supper as if I had wherewithal to pay for it. I went to bed without thinking of any thing; I slept soundly; and having breakfasted in the morning, and reckoned with the landlord, I wanted, for seven batz, which my expences amounted to, to leave my waistcoat in pledge. This honest man refused it: he told me, that, thanks to God, he had never stripped any one; that he would not begin for seven batz; that I might keep my waistcoat, and pay him when I could. I was touched with his goodness; but less than I ought to have been, and have been since on its remembrance. It was not long before I sent him his money, with thanks, by a safe hand; but fifteen years afterwards, returning from Italy by way of Laufanne, I was extremely sorry to have forgot the name of the house and the landlord: I should have gone to see

him : it would have given me great pleasure to have reminded him of his charity, and to prove to him it was not badly placed. Services, more important, without doubt, but rendered with more ostentation, did not appear to me so worthy acknowledgment, as the humanity, simple and without parade, of this honest man.

In drawing near Lausanne, I mused on the distress I was in, and the means of extricating myself without acquainting my mother-in-law of my misery; and I compared myself in this walking pilgrimage to my friend Venture on his arrival at Annecy. I was so heated with this idea, that, without thinking I had neither his gentility, nor his talents, I took it in my head to act at Lausanne the little Venture, to teach music I knew nothing of, and to call myself of Paris, where I had never been. In consequence of this noble project, as there was no company where I could act the vicar, and that besides I took care not to run myself amongst those of the art, I began to inform myself of some public-house where one could be well served at a cheap rate. I was directed to one Pérrotet, who took boarders. This Perrotet happened to be one of the best men in the world, and received me well. I told him over all my pretty lies as I had prepared them. He promised to speak of me, and endeavour to procure me some pupils : he told me he should not ask me for money until I had earned it. His board was five white crowns; this was little for the things, but a great deal for me. He advised me to begin by the half-board, which consisted at dinner
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of good soup and no more, but a plentiful supper. I agreed. This poor Perrotet advanced me all these things with all the good-nature possible, and spared no pains to serve me.

How is it, that, having met with so many good people in my youth, I find so few in an advanced age: is their race extinct? No; but the rank in which I am obliged to seek them now, is not that I found them in then. Amongst the people, where the great passions declare themselves but by intervals, the feelings of nature make themselves oftener heard: in more elevated situations they are absolutely stifled, and, under the mask of sentiment, it is only interest or vanity which speaks.

I wrote from Lausanne to my father, who sent my bundle, and wrote me excellent instruction I ought to have made better use of. I have already noted instances of inconceivable delirium when I was no longer myself. Here is another the most remarkable. To comprehend to what a point my brain was turned at that time, and to what degree I was, as one may say, *venturized*, it will be only necessary to shew how many extravagancies I gave into at one and the same time. I am a singing-master, without knowing how to read a tune; for, had I benefitted of the six months I passed with le Maître, they could not have sufficed: besides this, I was taught by a master, which was to me enough to learn indifferently. A Parisian of Geneva, and a catholic in a protestant country, I thought I might change my name as well as my religion and my country. I always followed my grand

model as near as I could. He called himself Venture de Velleneuve, and I turned the anagram of the name of Rousseau into that of Vauffore, and called myself Vauffore de Villeneuve. Venture could compose, tho' he had said nothing of it; and I, who knew nothing of it, boasted to all the world I understood it very well; and, without being able to prick the commonest song, gave out I was a composer. This is not all: having been presented to Monsieur de Treytorens, professor in law, who was fond of music, and had concerts at his house, I must give him a sample of my talents, and set about composing a piece for his concert, with as much effrontery as if I had understood it. I had the constancy to labour, a fortnight, at this charming work, to write it fair, to draw out the parts, and distribute them with as much assurance as you would have given out a master-piece of harmony. In fine, that which will be scarcely believed, but which is certain, worthily to crown this sublime production, I added at the end a pretty minuet, sung in the streets, and which perhaps every one still recollects, to these words, formerly so well known:

Quel caprice !
 Quelle injustice !
 Quoi, ta Clarice
 Trahiroit tes feux ? &c.

Venture had taught me this air, with the bass, to other words, by which aid I had retained it. I therefore added, at the end of my composition, this minuet and his bass,
suppressing

suppreſſing the words, and gave them out as my own, as reſolutely as if I had talked to the inhabitants of the moon.

They aſſemble to execute my piece; I explain to each one the motion, manner of execution, and references to parts: I had enough to do. They accord for five or ſix minutes, which to me were five or ſix ages. In fine, every thing ready, I ſtrike, with a fine roll of paper, my magiſterial deſk five or ſix ſtrokes of *take care*. There is a ſilence, I gravely begin to beat time, they begin no, ſince a French opera exiſts, in your life did you ever hear ſuch horrid muſic. Whatever they had thought of my pretended talents, the effect was worſe than they ſeemed to expect. The muſicians were ſtiſed with laughter; the auditors ſtared, and would have been glad to have ſtopped their ears; but there was no poſſibility. My butchers of performers, who were determined to have fun enough, continued ſcraping ſo as to pierce the tympanum of him who was born deaf. I had conſtancy enough to continue at the ſame rate, ſweating, it is true, large drops; but, kept to it by ſhame, not daring to run off, I remained nailed there. For my comfort, I heard around me the company whiſpering in each other's ear, or rather in mine, This is inſupportable! another ſays, What outrageous muſic! another, What a devilish catterwauling! Poor Jean-Jacques, in this cruel moment you had no great hopes, that there might come a day, when, before the King of France and his whole Court, your ſounds would excite whiſpers of ſurpriſe and applauſe,

and that, in every box around you, the most amiable women would say to themselves in a low voice, What delightful sounds! What enchanting music! Every note reaches the heart.

But it was the minuet brought them back to good humour. They had scarcely played a measure or two, when I heard buistings of laughter from every part of the room. Every one complimented me on my taste for music: they assured me this minuet would make me talked of, and that I merited praise from every quarter of the globe. It is unnecessary to paint my feelings, or to own I well deserved them.

The next day one of my symphonists, named Lutold, came to see me; he had good nature enough not to compliment me on my success. The deep sense of my impertinence, the shame, grief, despair on the situation to which I was reduced, the impossibility of keeping my troubled heart shut, caused me to open it to him; I gave a loose to tears, and, instead of contenting myself with owning my ignorance, I told him every thing, begging him to keep the secret, which he promised, and which he kept as every one may guess. The same evening all Lausanne knew who I was, but, what was most remarkable, nobody would seem to know it, not even the good-natured Perrotet, who did not on that account discontinue lodging and boarding me.

I lived, but very sorrowfully. The effects of such a beginning did not render Lausanne a very agreeable residence to me. Pupils did
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not come in crowds ; not a single female one, and no one of the city. I had only two or three big Germans, as stupid as I was ignorant, who tired me to death, and who, under my hands, did not become the greatest of musicians. I was sent for to one house only, where a little serpent of a girl took pleasure in shewing me a deal of music of which I could not read a single note, and which she was malicious enough to sing afterwards to her master, to shew him how it should be executed. I was so little capable of reading an air on first sight, that, in the brilliant concert I have spoken of, it was not in my power to follow the execution a moment, to know whether what I had under my eye was well played, and which I myself had composed.

Amidst so many mortifications, I had the sweet consolation of receiving, from time to time, letters from my two charming acquaintances. I have always found a consoling virtue in the fair, and nothing so much softens my afflictions in disgrace, as to see they affect an amiable person. This correspondence ceased, however, soon afterwards, and was never renewed ; but that was my fault. In changing my abode, I neglected sending my direction ; and forced, by necessity, to think continually of myself, I very soon forgot them.

It is long since I mentioned my poor Mamma ; but if it is thought I had forgot her, 'tis a mistake. I never ceased thinking of her, and wishing to find her again, not to supply the wants of a subsistence, but those
of

of my heart. My affection for her, however lively, however tender, did not prevent me from loving others ; but not in the same manner. All equally owed my passion to their charms, but it solely depended on those of others, and had not survived them ; but Mamma might grow old and ugly without my loving her less tenderly. My heart had entirely transmitted to her person the homage it immediately paid her beauty, and whatever change she suffered, provided it was still herself, my feelings could never change. I know I owed her gratitude ; but I really did not think of it. Whatever she had done, or had not done for me, it would have been the same. I did not love her from duty, interest, or convenience ; I loved her because I was born to love her. When I became amorous of another, it caused a diversion I own, I thought less of her : but I thought of her with the same pleasure ; and never, amorous or not, did I think of her without feeling that there was no true happiness for me in this life, so long as I should be separated from her.

Though I had so long been without news of her, I never imagined I had quite lost her, or that she could have forgot me. I said to myself, she will know, sooner or later, that I am wandering about, and will let me know she is alive ; I shall find her again, I am sure of it. In the mean while it was a comfort to me to be in her country, to pass down those streets she had passed, before those houses she had lived in, and the whole through mere conjecture ; for one of my stupid humours was that

that of not daring to inform myself of her, or to pronounce her name without the most absolute necessity. It seemed to me, that, in naming her, I said all she inspired me with, that my lips revealed the secret of my heart, and that I in some sort exposed her. I believe there was in all this a mixture of fear lest some one should speak ill of her. Much had been said of her proceedings, and something of her conduct. Fearing they might not say of her what I could wish to hear, I rather chose they should not talk about her.

As my pupils did not greatly employ me, and her city was but four leagues from Lausanne, I took a turn there of three or four days; during this time, the most agreeable perturbation never left me. The aspect of the lake of Geneva, and its admirable borders, had always, in my eyes, a peculiar attraction I cannot explain, which proceeds, not only from the beauty of the prospect, but from I don't know what more interesting which affects and melts me. Every time I approach the country of Vaud, I feel an impression composed of the remembrance of Madam de Warens who was born there, my father who lived there, Miss de Vulfon who had the first fruits of my heart, of several pleasing journeys I made there in my childhood, and, it would seem, of some other more secret and more powerful cause than all these. When the ardent desire of the mild and happy life for which I was born, returns to fire my imagination, 'tis always in the country of Vaud, near the lake, in delightful fields, it fixes. I must absolutely have

have an orchard on the borders of this lake and no other ; I must have a friend to be depended on, an amiable woman, a cow, and a little boat. I shall never enjoy perfect happiness on earth till I have these. I laugh at the simplicity with which I have several times gone into this country solely to find this imaginary blessing. I was always surprised to find the inhabitants, particularly the women, of a quite different character to those I sought. How different that appeared to me ! The country and the people who cover it never seemed to me made for each other.

In this journey to Vevay, in walking along these beautiful banks, I abandoned myself to the gentlest melancholy. My heart launched with eagerness into a thousand innocent pleasures ; I was moved, I sighed, and shed tears like a child. How many times, stopping to cry with more ease, seated on a large stone, have I not been amused, by seeing my tears drop into the stream ?

At Vevay I lodged at the Key, and, in the two days I staid there without visiting any one, I contracted a fondness for this city that has followed me in all my travels, and which in fine caused me to fix there the hero of my romance. I should readily say to those who have taste and feelings, Go to Vevay, visit the country, examine its position, take a turn on the lake, and say whether Nature did not make this beautiful country for a Julia, for a Claire, and for a St. Preux ; but don't seek them there. I return to my history.

As I was a catholic, and owned it, I followed
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ed without mystery or scruple the doctrine I had embraced. On Sundays, in fine weather, I went to mass at Affans, two leagues from Lausanne. I generally took this trip with other catholics, particularly a Parisian embroiderer, whose name I have forgot. He was not such a Parisian as myself, but a Parisian of Paris, one of God Almighty's arch Parisians, as good-natured as a Champenois. He was so fond of his country he would not doubt I was of it, for fear of losing an opportunity of talking of it. M. de Crouzas, lieutenant of the bailiwick, had a gardener, likewise from Paris; but less complaisant, and who thought the glory of his country questioned in daring to say you were of it, when you had not that honour. He questioned me as a man sure of being caught, and then smiled maliciously. He asked me, once, what there was remarkable at the new market? I was lost, as you may imagine. Having lived twenty years at Paris, I ought at present to know this city. If, however, I was now asked a like question, I should be no less troubled to answer, and by this difficulty it might be equally concluded I had never been at Paris. So much, even though you meet truth, is one subject to build on false principles!

I cannot exactly say how long I staid at Lausanne. I did not take from this city any thing worthy recollection. I only know, that, not finding a livelihood, I went from thence to Neufchatel, and passed the winter. I succeeded better in this last city; I had some pupils, and gained enough to pay off my good friend

friend Perrotet, who had faithfully sent my bundle, though I was considerably in his debt.

I insensibly learnt music in teaching it. I lived happy enough; a reasonable man had been satisfied: but my uneasy mind wanted something more. On Sundays and holidays, when at liberty, I ran over the fields and woods of the environs, continually wandering, musing, sighing, and, once out of the city, never came in till evening. One day, being at Boudry, I went to a public-house to dine: I saw there a man with a long beard, a violet-coloured coat in the Greek taste, a furred cap, a noble air and garb, and who had often much difficulty to make himself understood, speaking but a gibberish almost unintelligible, that resembled, however, Italian more than any other language. I understood nearly all he said, and I was the only one; he could express himself only by signs to the landlord and the country-people. I spoke a few words of Italian to him which he perfectly understood; he got up and embraced me with transport. The connection was soon made, and from that instant I served him as interpreter. He had a good dinner; mine was worse than indifferent: he invited me to his table; I made little ceremony. By drinking and talking we began to be familiar, and at the end of the repast we were inseparable. He told me he was a Greek prelate, and arch mendicant of Jerusalem; that he was commanded to make a gathering in Europe for repairing the Holy Sepulchre. He shewed me beautiful patents from the Czarina and the Emperor;

Emperor; he had some from many other Sovereigns. He was well enough satisfied with what he had already got together, but he had met incredible difficulties in Germany, not understanding a word of German, Latin, or French, and reduced to his Greek, Turkish, and the language of the Franks, as his whole resource, which procured him little in the country he was just beginning on. He proposed my accompanying him as secretary and interpreter. Though I had a smart violet coat, lately purchased, which squared pretty well with my new employment, I had so shabby a look he thought me easily gained; he was not mistaken. Our agreement was soon made; I asked nothing, he promised much. Without security, without bond, without acquaintance, I submit to be conducted by him, and the very next morning here I go for Jerusalem.

We began our tour by the canton of Fribourg, where he did little. The episcopal dignity could not admit of acting the beggar, and gather of individuals; but we presented his commission to the Senate, who gave him a trifling sum. From thence we went to Berne. We lodged at the Falcon, at that time a good inn, where good company were found. There were many people at table, and it was well served. I had long fared very poorly; I had occasion enough to renew myself: I had the opportunity, and made good use of it. The arch-mendicant himself was very good company, fond enough of a good table, gay, conversed well with those who understood him, not wanting in certain sciences, and adapting
his

his Greek erudition agreeably enough. One day, cracking nuts at the desert, he cut his finger very deep; and as the blood gushed out in abundance, he held up his finger to the company, and says with a laugh: *Mirate, Signori; questo è sangue Pelasgo.*

At Berne my functions were not useless to him, and I did much better than I expected. I was much more courageous, and spoke better than I should have done for myself. Things did not pass so simply as at Fribourg. Long and frequent conferences with the principal of the state, and the examination of his titles, were not the work of a day. At last, every thing being settled, he was admitted to an audience of the Senate. I went with him as his interpreter, and was commanded to speak. I did not expect any thing less; it did not come into my head, that, after having had long conferred with the members separately, the assembly must be addressed as if nothing had been said. Judge of my embarrassment! For so bashful a man to speak, not only in public, but before the Senate of Berne, and speak extempore, without having had a single minute to prepare myself; this was enough to annihilate me. I was not even intimidated. I represent succinctly and clearly the arch-mendicant's commission. I praised the piety of those princes who had contributed to the gathering he was come to make. Sharpening with emulation that of their Excellencies, I said, no less could be expected from their accustomed munificence; and then endeavouring to prove this charitable work to be equally so for all christians without distinction
of

of sect, I ended by promising the blessings of Heaven to those who should contribute to it. I shall not say my speech had any effect; but 'tis certain it was relished, and that after the audience the arch-mendicant received an honourable present, and more, on the parts of his secretary, compliments, which I had the agreeable office of interpreting, but which I dared not literally render. This is the only time of my life I spoke in public, and before a sovereign; and, perhaps, the only time likewise I spoke boldly and well. What difference in the dispositions of the same man! It is three years since I went to see at Yverdon my old friend M. Roguin. I received a deputation of thanks for some books I had made a present of to the library of this city. The Swiss are much for harangues; these gentlemen harangued me. I thought myself obliged to answer, but I was so embarrassed in my answer, and my head was so confused, I stopped short not knowing what to say, and got myself laughed at. Though naturally timid, I have been some times confident in my youth; never in my advanced age. The more I see of the world, the less I can form myself to its manner.

On leaving Berne, we went to Soleurre; for the design of the arch-mendicant was to take the road of Germany, and return by Hungary or Poland: this was an immense tour; but as in journeying his purse filled rather than emptied, he little dreaded a winding course. For my part, who was almost as much pleased on horseback as on foot, I desired no
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better than thus to travel my whole life-time; but it was written I should not go so far.

The first thing we did on our arrival at Soleurre, was to pay our respects to the Ambassador of France. Unfortunately for our bishop, the Ambassador was the Marquis of Bonac, who had been Ambassador at the Port, and who must be well acquainted with every thing regarding the Holy Sepulchre. The arch-mendicant had an audience of a quarter of an hour where I was not admitted, as the Ambassador understood the Franks language, and spoke Italian at least as well as I. On my Greek's departure I was following him; I was stopped: it was my turn. Having passed as a Parisian, I was, as such, under the jurisdiction of his Excellency. He asked me who I was, exhorting me to tell the truth; I promised it, on asking a private audience, which was granted. The Ambassador took me to his closet, and shut the door, and there, throwing myself at his feet, I kept my word. I had not said less, though I had promised nothing; for a continual inclination to disclose my heart brings every instant my thoughts on my lips, and having opened myself without reserve to the musician Lutold, I had no occasion for any mystery to the Marquis of Bonac. He was so satisfied with my story, and the effusion of heart which he saw accompanied it, he took me by the hand, led me to the Ambassadress, and introduced me to her, in giving an abridgment of my recital. Madam de Bonac received me with kindness, and said they must
not

not let me go with this Greek monk. It was determined I should remain at the hotel until they saw what might be done with me. I wanted to go take my leave of my poor arch-mendicant, for whom I had conceived a friendship: it was not permitted. They sent him notice of my arrest, and in a quarter of an hour I saw my little bundle brought in. M. de la Martiniere, secretary to the embassy, had in some sort the care of me. In conducting me to the room intended for me, he said to me, This room was occupied under the Count Du Luc, by a celebrated man of the same name as yourself. It depends on you to replace him in every manner, that it may be one day said, Rousseau the First, Rousseau the Second. This conformity, which at that time I had little hopes of, had less flattered my wishes, had I been able to foresee how dear I should one day pay for it.

M. de la Martiniere's words excited my curiosity. I read the works of him whose room I occupied, and, on the compliment paid me, imagining I had a taste for poesy, I made for my trial a cantata in praise of Madam de Bonac. This turn flagged. I have now and then made indifferent verse; 'tis a good exercise enough to break one's self into elegant inversions, and teach one to write better prose; but I never found charms sufficient in French poetry to give myself entirely to it.

M. de la Martiniere wanted to see my style, and asked me the same particulars in writing I had told the Ambassador. I wrote him a
long

long letter, which I heard was preserved by M. de Marianne, who was a long while with the Marquis de Bonac, and who has since succeeded M. de la Martiniere in M. de Courteilles' embassy. I have begged M. de Malesherbes to endeavour to procure me a copy of this letter. If I get it by him or others, it will be found in the collection which I intend shall accompany my Confessions.

The experience I began to have, moderated by degrees my romantic projects; and as a proof, not only I did not fall in love with Madam de Bonac, but immediately saw I should do but little in her husband's family. M. de la Martiniere in place, and M. de Marianne in survivance, as one may say, left me no farther hopes for my fortune than the place of under-secretary, which little tempted me. This was the cause, that, when I was consulted on what I should like, I shewed a great inclination to go to Paris. The Ambassador relished this idea, which tended, at least, to his getting rid of me. M. de Merveilleux, secretary and interpreter to the embassy, said his friend M. Goddard, a Swiss colonel in the service of France, wanted some one to be with his nephew, who entered very young into the service, and thought I might suit him. On this notion, slightly enough taken, my departure was resolved; and I, who saw a journey in the case, and Paris at the end, was as joyful as joy could make me. They gave me some letters, an hundred livres for my journey, accompanied by very good advice, and I set off.

I was

I was on this journey fifteen days, which I may reckon among the happy ones of my life. I had youth, health, money enough, great hopes; travelled on foot and alone. You will be surpris'd to see me reckon this an advantage, if you were not already familiar with my humour. My pleasing chimeras kept me company, and never did the heat of my imagination give birth to any so magnificent. If I was offer'd an empty place in a carriage, or that any one accosted me on the road, my temper grew sour at seeing my fortune cross'd, whose edifice I built up as I walk'd. This once my notions were martial: I was going to engage to a military man, and become a military man myself; for it was settl'd I should begin by entering a cadet. I thought I already saw myself in an officer's dress, with a fine white feather in my hat. My heart swelled at this noble idea. I had a little smattering of geometry and fortification; I had an uncle an engineer; I was, in some sort, of the bullet family. My near sight offer'd a few obstacles, which never troubled me; and I suppos'd that presence of mind and intrepidity would supply this failing. I had read that Marshal Schomberg was near-sighted; why might not Marshal Rousseau be so? I so heated myself by these follies, I saw nothing but armies, ramparts, gabions, batteries, and myself amidst fire and smoke, coolly giving orders, my spying-glass in my hand. However, when I pass'd through agreeable fields, and saw groves and rivulets, the striking scene drew sighs of sorrow; I felt, amidst all this glory, my heart was not in-

clined to so much havock; I returned to my beloved sheep-folds, for ever renouncing the labours of Mars.

How much did the first sight of Paris bely the idea I had of it! The external decoration I had seen at Turin, the beauty of the streets, the symmetry and squareness of the houses, induced me to seek at Paris still more. I had figured to myself a city as beautiful as large, of the most imposing aspect, where nothing was seen but superb streets and marble or golden palaces. Coming in at the suburbs St. Marceau, I saw none but little, dirty, stinking streets, ugly black houses, the appearance of nastiness, poverty, beggars, carter, old cloaths botchers, criers of ptisan and old hats. All these things struck me, at first, to such a degree, that all I have seen at Paris, really magnificent, has not been able to destroy this first impression, and that there still remains a secret disgust to the residence of this capital. I can say the whole time I afterwards remained there, was employed in seeking resources which might enable me to live far from it. Such is the fruit of a too active imagination, which exaggerates beyond the exaggerations of mankind, and always sees more in a thing than has been heard. I had heard Paris so much boasted of, I looked on it like ancient Babylon, from which I should, perhaps, have found full as much to deduct, had I seen it, from the picture I had drawn of it. The same thing happened to me at the opera, where I hastened to go the morrow of my arrival: the same afterwards happened at Versailles;

faillies ; after that, likewise, on seeing the sea ; and the same thing will always happen to me, on seeing any thing too much extolled ; for it is impossible to mankind, and difficult to Nature itself, to surpass the richness of my imagination.

From the manner I was received by all those for whom I had letters, I thought my fortune made. Him I was most recommended to, and least carested by, was M. de Surbeck, retired from the service, and living philosophically at Bagnaux, where I went several times to see him, without his once offering me even a glass of water. I was better received by Madam de Merveilleux, sister-in-law to the interpreter, and by his nephew, an officer in the guards. The mother and son not only received me well, but offered me their table, of which I often benefitted during my stay at Paris. Madam de Merveilleux appeared to me to have been handsome ; her hair was a beautiful black, and formed, in the old fashion, ringlets on her forehead. That which does not perish with beauty still remained, an agreeable mind. She seemed pleased with mine, and did all in her power to serve me ; but no one seconded her, and I was soon undeceived on all this great interest they appeared to take in my behalf. I must, however, do the French justice ; they do not smother you with protestations, as is said of them ; and those they make are almost always sincere ; but they have a manner of interesting themselves in your favour, which deceives you more than words. The coarse compliments of the Swiss

can impose on fools only. The French manners are more seducing, only because they are more simple; you think they don't tell you all they intend to do for you, to surprise you more agreeably. I shall go farther: they are not false in their demonstrations; they are naturally officious, humane, benevolent, and even, whatever may be said of it, more downright than any other nation; but they are light and airy. They have, in effect, the sentiment they express; but this sentiment goes off as it came. While speaking to you, they are full of you; go out of their sight, they have forgot you. Nothing is permanent in them; every thing with them lasts but a moment.

I was therefore flattered much, served little. The Colonel Godard, whose nephew I was to be with, seeing my distress, and although rolling in riches, wanted me for nothing. He pretended that I should be with his nephew, a kind of valet without wages rather than as a real tutor. Continually engaged with him, and by that dispensed from duty, I must live on my cadet's pay, that is, a soldier's; it was with trouble he consented to give me a uniform; he had been glad to put me off with that of the regiment. Madam de Merveilleux, enraged at his proposals, advised me herself not to accept them; her son was of the same opinion. Other things were sought, but nothing found. I began, however, to be in want; an hundred livres on which I had made my journey, could not carry me far. Happily, I received from the Ambassador a trifling remittance, which was very useful; and I believe

believe he had not discarded me, had I had more patience : but to languish, wait, solicit, are, to me, impossibilities. I was discouraged, appeared no more, and all was at an end. I had not forgot my poor Mamma ; but how to find her ? where seek her ? Madam de Merveilleux, who knew my story, assisted me in the research, but long to no purpose. At last she told me that Madam de Warens had been gone more than two months, but it was not known whether to Savoy or Turin, and that some said she was returned to Switzerland. Nothing more was necessary to determine me to follow her, certain, that, wherever she might be, I should find her in the country much easier than I could have done at Paris.

Before my departure, I exercised my new poetical talent, in an epistle to Colonel Godard, in which I bantered him as well as I could. I shewed this scrawl to Madam de Merveilleux, who, instead of censuring me, as she ought, laughed heartily at my sarcasms, and her son likewise, who, I believe, did not love M. Godard ; it must be owned he was not amiable. I was tempted to send him my verses, they encouraged me : I made a parcel of them directed to him ; and, as there was no penny-post then at Paris, I sent it from Auxerre in passing through that place. I laugh yet, sometimes, on thinking of the grimaces he must have made on reading his panegyric, where he was painted stroke by stroke. It began thus:

Tu croyois, vieux Pénard, qu'une folle manie
D'élever ton neveu m'inspireroit l'envie

can impose on fools only. The French manners are more seducing, only because they are more simple; you think they don't tell you all they intend to do for you, to surprise you more agreeably. I shall go farther: they are not false in their demonstrations; they are naturally officious, humane, benevolent, and even, whatever may be said of it, more downright than any other nation; but they are light and airy. They have, in effect, the sentiment they express; but this sentiment goes off as it came. While speaking to you, they are full of you; go out of their sight, they have forgot you. Nothing is permanent in them; every thing with them lasts but a moment.

I was therefore flattered much, served little. The Colonel Godard, whose nephew I was to be with, seeing my distress, and although rolling in riches, wanted me for nothing. He pretended that I should be with his nephew, a kind of valet without wages rather than as a real tutor. Continually engaged with him, and by that dispensed from duty, I must live on my cadet's pay, that is, a soldier's; it was with trouble he consented to give me a uniform; he had been glad to put me off with that of the regiment. Madam de Merveilleux, enraged at his proposals, advised me herself not to accept them; her son was of the same opinion. Other things were sought, but nothing found. I began, however, to be in want; an hundred livres on which I had made my journey, could not carry me far. Happily, I received from the Ambassador a trifling remittance, which was very useful; and I believe

believe he had not discarded me, had I had more patience: but to languish, wait, solicit, are, to me, impossibilities. I was discouraged, appeared no more, and all was at an end. I had not forgot my poor Mamma; but how to find her? where seek her? Madam de Merveilleux, who knew my story, assisted me in the research, but long to no purpose. At last she told me that Madam de Warens had been gone more than two months, but it was not known whether to Savoy or Turin, and that some said she was returned to Switzerland. Nothing more was necessary to determine me to follow her, certain, that, wherever she might be, I should find her in the country much easier than I could have done at Paris.

Before my departure, I exercised my new poetical talent, in an epistle to Colonel Godard, in which I bantered him as well as I could. I shewed this scrawl to Madam de Merveilleux, who, instead of censuring me, as she ought, laughed heartily at my sarcasms, and her son likewise, who, I believe, did not love M. Godard; it must be owned he was not amiable. I was tempted to send him my verses, they encouraged me: I made a parcel of them directed to him; and, as there was no penny-post then at Paris, I sent it from Auxerre in passing through that place. I laugh yet, sometimes, on thinking of the grimaces he must have made on reading his panegyric, where he was painted stroke by stroke. It began thus:

Tu croyois, vieux Pénard, qu'une folle manie
D'élever ton neveu m'inspireroit l'envie

This little piece, badly composed in fact, but which did not want salt, and which shewed a talent for satire, is nevertheless the only satirical work that ever came from my pen. My mind is too little inclined to hatred to glory in this kind of talent; but I fancy you may judge by some pieces of controversy, written from time to time, in my defence, that, had I been of a warring humour, my aggressors had seldom had the laughers on their side.

What I most regret in the particulars of my life, which I do not remember, is not having kept a journal of my travels. Never did I think, exist, live, or was myself, if I may say so, so much as in those I made alone and on foot. Walking has something which animates and enlivens my ideas: I can scarcely think when I stand still; my body must stir in order to stir my mind. The view of the country, the succession of agreeable sights, a good air, a good appetite, and good health, I get by walking; the freedom of inns, the distance of those objects which force me to see subjection, of every thing which reminds me of my condition, the whole gives a loose to my soul, gives me more boldness of thought, carries me, in a manner, into the immensity of beings, so that I combine them, chuse them, appropriate them to my will, without fear or restraint. I imperiously dispose of all Nature: my heart, wandering from object to object, unites, becomes the same with those which engage it, is compassed about by delightful images, grows drunk with delicious sensations. It to deter-
mine

mine them, I divert myself by painting them in my mind, what vigorous touches, what resplendent colouring, what energy of expression do I not give them! We have, you'll say, seen all this in your works, though written in the decline of life. Oh! had you known those of the flower of my youth, those I made during my travels, those I composed but never wrote.... Why, say you, did you not write them? And why write them, I answer you; why withdraw myself from the actual charms of enjoyment, to tell others I did enjoy? What cared I for readers, the public, and the whole earth, while I was swimming in the heavens? Besides, did I carry ink and paper? Had I thought of all these things, nothing had struck me. I did not foresee I should have ideas; they come when they please, not when I please; they overwhelm me with number and force. Ten volumes a day had not sufficed. Where borrow time to write them? On arriving I thought of nothing but a hearty dinner. On departing I thought of nothing but trudging on. I saw a new Paradise awaited me at the door, I ran off to catch it.

I never felt all this so much as in the journey I am speaking of. In coming to Paris I was confined to ideas relative to the business I was going on. I launched into the career I was going to run, and should have run thro' it with glory enough, but this career was not that my heart called me to, and real beings prejudiced imaginary ones. Colonel Godard and his nephew made poor figures when

opposed to a hero like me. Thanks to Heaven! I was now delivered from all these obstacles; I could plunge at will into the land of chimeras, for nothing more was seen before me. And I was so far bewildered in it, I really lost, several times, my road. I had been very sorry to have gone straighter; for finding, at Lyons, I was almost on earth again, I had been glad never to have reached it.

One day, among others, going on purpose out of my road, the better to see a spot which appeared admirable, I was so delighted with it, and went around it so often, I entirely lost myself. After running backwards and forwards several hours in vain, tired and dying of hunger and thirst, I went to a country person's, whose house had not a very good appearance, but it was the only one I saw near me. I thought it was as it is at Geneva or Switzerland, where every inhabitant, who could afford it, might exercise hospitality. I begged this man to let me dine with him for my money. He offered me some skimmed milk and coarse barley bread, and told me 'twas all he had. I drank the milk with pleasure, and eat the bread, straw and all; but this was not very strengthening to a man-exhausted with fatigue. The countryman, who examined me, judged of the truth of my story by that of my appetite. Having told me that he very well saw * I was a good-natured, honest young man, who

* It seems I had not, at that time, the physiognomy they have since given me in my portraits.

was not come there to betray him, he opened a little trap-door near the kitchen, went down, and in an instant came back with a good household loaf of pure wheat, a gammon of bacon very enticing, though already cut, and a bottle of wine, whose appearance raised my spirits more than all the rest. An omelet pretty thick was added to these, and I made a dinner such as those only who travel on foot were ever acquainted with. When I offered to pay, his uneasiness and fears came on him again, he would not take my money; he returned it with extraordinary agitation; and the pleasantest of all was, I could not imagine what he had to dread. At last he pronounced with trembling these terrible words, Officers and Cellar-rats. He made me understand that he hid his wine for fear of the excise, his bread for fear of the poll-tax, and that he was a ruined man, had they the least doubt but that he was starving with hunger. Every thing he told me on this subject, of which I had not the least idea, made an impression on me that will never wear away. This was the spring and source of that inextinguishable hatred which hath since unfolded itself in my heart against the vexations the poor people experience, and against their oppressors. This man, though in easy circumstances, dared not eat the bread he had earned by the sweat of his brow, and could escape ruin solely by an appearance of that want which was seen all around him. I went from his house with as much indignation as pity, deploring the fate of these beautiful countries to which Nature has been lavish in

her gifts, only to fall a prey to barbarous publicans.

This is the only thing I distinctly remember of all that happened in this journey. I recollect only one thing more, that, in approaching Lyons, I was tempted to prolong my travels by going to see the borders of the Lignon: for among the romances I read at my father's, *Astrea* had not been forgotten; it came more frequently to my mind than any other thing. I asked the road to Forez, and, in chatting with a landlady, she told me it was a rare country for workmen, that it contained many forges, and that good iron work was done there. This encomium at once calmed my romantic curiosity; I did not think proper to go to seek *Diana's* and *Silvanus's* amidst a generation of blacksmiths. The good old woman who encouraged me in this manner, certainly took me for a journeyman locksmith.

I did not quite go to Lyons without some view. On my arrival, I went to see, at the *Chafottes*, *Miss du Châtelet*, an acquaintance of *Madam de Warens*, and for whom she had given me a letter when I came with *M. le Maître*; it was, therefore, an acquaintance already made. *Miss du Châtelet* told me, that, in fact, her friend had passed through Lyons, but she could not tell whether she had continued her road as far as *Piedmont*, and that she was uncertain herself, at her departure, whether or no she should not stop in *Savoy*; that, if I chose, she would write in order to learn something of her, and that the best way was

was to wait the answer at Lyons. I accepted the offer; but dared not tell Miss du Châtelet a speedy answer was necessary; and that my little exhausted purse did not leave me in a condition to wait long. It was not her bad reception that withheld me. On the contrary, she shewed me much kindness, and treated me in a style of equality that disheartened me from letting her see my situation, and descending from the line of good company to that of a beggar.

I think I clearly see the agreement of all I have mentioned in this book. I, nevertheless, seem to recollect, in the same interval, another journey to Lyons, whose place I cannot fix, and in which I was much straightened: the remembrance of the extremities to which I was reduced, does not contribute to recal it agreeably to my memory. Had I done like some others, had I possessed the talent of borrowing and running in debt at my lodging, I had easily got through; but in this my unaptness equalled my repugnance; and to imagine the point to which I carried both one and the other, it is sufficient to know, that, having spent almost my whole life in hardships, and often at the point of wanting bread, it never happened to me, once in my life, to be asked, by a creditor, for money, without giving it him that instant. I never could contract bawling debts, and was always sonder of suffering than owing.

To be reduced to lie in the street was certainly suffering, and this happened to me several times at Lyons. I chose to employ the

few halfpence that remained, in paying for bread rather than a lodging; because, after all, I run less hazard of dying for want of sleep than bread. It is surprising, that, in this cruel situation, I was neither uneasy nor dull. I had not the least care for future days. I waited the answers Miss de Châtelet was to receive, lodging in the open air, and sleeping stretched on the earth, or on a bench, with the same ease as on a bed of down. I remember to have passed even a delightful night out of the city, on a road which borders the Rhône or the Saône, I don't recollect which of the two. Gardens forming terraces bordered the road on the opposite side. It had been extremely hot that day; the evening was charming; the dew moistened the drooping grass; no wind, a still night; the air was fresh, but not cold; the sun being set had left red vapours in the heavens whose reflection gave to the water the colour of a rose; the trees on the terrace were covered with nightingales, who answered each other's notes. I walked about in a sort of extacy, giving up my feelings and heart to the enjoyment of the whole, and sighing a little with grief at enjoying it alone. Absorbed in delightful meditation, the night was far advanced before I perceived my lengthened walk had tired my weary limbs. I perceived it at last. I laid myself luxuriously on the step of a sort of niche or false door in the terrace walk: the canopy of my bed was formed by the tops of trees; a nightingale was precisely over my head; his music lulled me asleep: my slumbers were
 soft,

soft, my awaking was more so. It was broad day: my eyes, on opening, saw water, verdure, and an admirable landscape. I got up, shook myself, hunger seized me. I made, gayly, the best of my way towards town, resolved to spend on a good breakfast the last two pieces I had left. I was in so excellent a humour as to go singing along all the way, and, I also remember, I sung a cantata of Batistin I had by heart, intitled the *Baths of Thomery*. God bless the good Batistin and his good cantata, which brought me a better breakfast than what I expected, and still a better dinner, which I did not expect at all. In the height of my walking and singing, I heard some one behind me. I look round, I see an Antonine following me, and seeming to listen to me with pleasure. He accosts me, bids me good-morning, and asks if I know music? I answered, *a little*, to make it believed a great deal. He continues to question me: I tell a part of my story. He asks me whether I ever copied music? Often, say I, which was true; my best method of learning was by copying. Well, says he, come with me; I can employ you a few days, during which time you shall want nothing, provided you consent to not going out of the room. I willingly acquiesced, and followed him.

This Antonine was named Rolichon, was fond of music, understood it, and sung in little concerts he gave his friends. There was nothing in this but innocence and decency; but this taste degenerated, no doubt, into passion, of which he was obliged to conceal a part.
He

He conducted me to a little room I occupied, where I found a deal of music he had copied. He gave me more to copy, particularly the cantata I sung, and which he intended to sing in a little time. I staid there three or four days, copying the whole time I did not eat; for in my life I never was so hungry or better fed. He brought my meals himself from the kitchen; they must have had a good one, if their living was equal to mine. In my days I have not eat with so much pleasure; and I must own these bits came in the nick of time, for I was as dry as wood. I work with nearly as good a heart as I eat, which is not saying à little. It is true I was not so correct as diligent. Some days after, M. Rolichon, whom I met in the street, told me my parts could not be performed on account of omisions, duplications, and transpositions. I must own I have, in chusing that, chose the only science in the world for which I was least calculated. Not but that my notes were good, and that I copied very clean; but the tediousness of a long job distracts me so much, that I spend more time in scratching out than in noting; and if I do not use the greatest attention in comparing my parts, they always cause the performance to fail. I, therefore, in endeavouring to do well, did very ill, and to get on quickly, I went cross. This did not prevent M. Rolichon from treating me well the whole time, and giving me, on leaving him, half-a-crown I little deserved, but which set me quite on foot again; for in a few days after I received news from Mamma, who

who was at Chambéry, and money to carry me to her: this journey I made with transport. Since these times my finances have been very low; but never so as to go without bread. I mention this period with a heart sensible of the attention of Providence. It was the last time of my life I felt hunger and misery.

I staid at Lyons seven or eight days more, waiting the things which Mamma had desired Miss du Châtelet to get for her. I attended this lady more assiduouſly, during this time, than before, having the pleasure of talking with her of her friend, without being any longer taken off by those cruel reflections on my situation which forced me to conceal it. Miss du Châtelet was neither young nor pretty, but she did not want agreeableness; she was easy and familiar, and her wit gave a price to this familiarity. She had the faculty of observing morals, which teaches to study mankind; and it is from her in its first origin I derive this taste. She was fond of le Sage's romances, and particularly Gil Blas; she spoke to me of it, lent it me, and I read it with pleasure; but I was not then ripe for this kind of reading: I wanted romances of slighty sentiments. I thus passed my time at the grate of Miss du Châtelet with as much pleasure as profit; it is certain the interesting and sensible conversations of a woman of merit are more proper to form a young man, than all the pedantic philosophy of books. I got acquainted at the Chafottes with other boarders and their friends; among others, with a young person of fourteen, named Miss Serre, to whom I did not,
at

at first, pay much attention; but whom I grew fond of eight or nine years afterwards, and with reason; she was a charming girl.

Occupied with the expectation of soon seeing again my dear Mamma, I made a little truce with my chimeras; and the true happiness that awaited me dispensed me with seeking them in visions. I not only found her again, but I found with her, and by her means, an agreeable situation; for she wrote me word she had got me an occupation she hoped would suit me, without separating from her. I spent myself in conjectures in guessing what this occupation could be, and it was necessary to guess, in fact, in order to meet it exactly. I had money sufficient to travel conveniently. Miss du Châtelet would have had me taken a horse; I could not consent, and had reason on my side: I had missed the pleasure of the last journey on foot I ever made; for I can't call by this name the excursions I often made round my neighbourhood, when I lived at Motiers.

It is a singular thing, that my imagination never rises more agreeably than when my condition is the least so; and that, on the contrary, it is less smiling when every thing smiles around me. My stubborn head cannot submit to things; it can't embellish, it will create. Real objects are shewn there at most but as they are; it can dress out none but imaginary objects. Would I paint spring, it must be in winter; would I describe a beautiful landscape, I must be shut up; and I have an hundred times said, that, if ever they put
me

me into the Bastille, I should compose the picture of Liberty. On leaving Lyons I saw nothing but future delights; I was as happy, and had every reason to be so, as I was the reverse on leaving Paris. I, nevertheless, had none of those delightful meditations in this journey I had in the other. My heart was at ease, and that was all. I drew near that excellent friend I was going to see again with melting fondness. I tasted before-hand, but without ebriety, the pleasure of living with her: I always expected it; it was as if nothing new had happened. I was disquieted at what I was going to do as if it had been very disquieting. My ideas were peaceable and mild, not celestial and ravishing. Objects struck my sight; I gave attention to the landscapes; I observed the trees, the houses, the brooks; I considered the crossing of roads; I feared losing myself, but did not. In a word I was no longer in the Empyreum; I was sometimes where I was, sometimes where I was going to, never farther.

I am in recounting my travels as I was in making them: I cannot arrive. My heart beat when I drew near my dear Mamma, but I went no faster for that. I love to walk at my ease, and stop when I please. I love a strolling life. Make a journey on foot in fine weather, in a fine country, and an agreeable object at the end it; this is of all the manners of living the most to my taste. As to the rest, 'tis understood what I mean by a fine country. Never a champain country, however fine it may be, appeared so in my eyes. I
must

must have torrents, rocks, fir-trees, gloomy woods, mountains, roads which are rugged to go up or down, precipices on each side which affright me. I had this pleasure and tasted all its delights in approaching Chambery. Not far from a cut mountain, called the Pas-de-l'Echelle, at the bottom of a great road cut through the rock, at a place called Chailles, is a little river, which runs and spouts into dreadful abysses which it seems to have taken thousands of ages to hollow out. They have bordered the road by a parapet to prevent accidents: by this means I could contemplate the bottom, and make myself giddy at my ease; for what is most pleasant in my taste for steep places, is that they make my head run round, and that I am very fond of this turning round, provided I am safe. Leaning firmly on the parapet, I advanced my head, and remained there whole hours, perceiving from time to time the froth and the blue water, whose roaring I heard amidst the cries of ravens and birds of prey, which flew from rock to rock, and from thicket to thicket, between six and seven hundred feet below me. In those places where the descent was pretty regular, and the bushes thin enough to let stones pass, I fetched some from a pretty good distance, as large as I could carry, piled them on a heap on the parapet, then throwing them one after the other, I was delighted to see them roll, bound, and fly into a thousand pieces before they reached the bottom of the precipice.

Nearer Chambery I had a like sight in a contrary sense. The road passes at the foot of the
finest

finest cascade I have ever seen. The mountain is so steep, that the water flies off neat, and falls in the form of an arcade so wide that you can pass between the cascade and the rock, sometimes without being wetted. But, if you don't take your measures well, you may be taken in, as I was; for, from the extreme height, the water divides and falls into a mist, and when you approach this cloud a little, without immediately perceiving you are wet, in an instant you are well soaked.

I arrive at last; I see her again. She was not alone. The Intendant-general was in her room at the time I came in. Without speaking to me, she takes me by the hand, and presents me to him with that grace which opens to her every heart. Here he is, Sir, poor young fellow; condescend to patronize him as long as he deserves it; I am under no apprehension for him the rest of his life. Then turning to me, Child, says she, you belong to the King: thank the Intendant, who has provided you bread. I stared without speaking a word, or without very well knowing what to think: growing ambition, with a trifling addition, would have turned my head, and made me immediately act the little Intendant. My fortune I found less brilliant than I imagined from this beginning; but for the present it was a living, which, for me, was a great deal. This was the affair.

King Victor-Amadee, judging by the fate of the preceding wars, and by the position of the ancient inheritance of his forefathers, it might some time or other slip from him,
thought

thought how he might exhaust it. He had resolved a few years before to tax the nobility, he ordered a general survey of the lands of the whole country, in order, that by laying the real imposition, he might divide it with more equity. This work, begun under the father, was finished under the son. Two or three hundred people, as well surveyors, who were called Geometers, as writers, who were called Secretaries, were employed on this work: it was among these last Mamma had got my name entered. The post, though not lucrative, was sufficient to live well upon in that country. The worst was, the employment was only for a term; but it put one forward in seeking and waiting, and it was by way of forecast she endeavoured to obtain his private patronage for me, in order to get a more permanent employment when the term of this should be expired.

I entered into office a few days after my arrival. There was nothing difficult in this work; I was soon master of it. 'Twas thus, after four or five years running about in follies and sufferings, since I left Geneva, I began, for the first time, to get my bread with credit.

These long particulars of my youth may have appeared very puerile; I am sorry for it: though born a man in many respects, I was long a child, and am so yet in many others. I did not promise to hold up to the public a great personage; I promised to paint myself such as I am; for to know me well in my ad-

advanced age, it is necessary to have known me in my youth. As, in general, objects make less impression on me than their remembrance, and that all my ideas are in resemblance, the first strokes which were engraven on my mind have remained there, and those which were imprinted afterwards have rather joined than effaced them. There was a certain succession of affections and ideas which modify those which follow, and which it is necessary to be acquainted with, in order properly to judge of them. I strive, every where, to lay the first causes quite open, to make you feel the connexion of effects. I want to be able, if I could, by some means to render my heart transparent to the sight of the reader; and this is the reason I endeavour to shew it him in every point of view, to lead him by every path, to speak in such a manner that a single movement shall not pass but he shall perceive it, in order that he may judge himself of the principle which produces it.

Did I take the result on myself, and say, Such is my character, he might think, if I would not deceive him, that I might deceive myself. But in particularising with simplicity every thing that has happened to me, all my actions, all my thoughts, all my feelings, I cannot lead him to error, unless I will; and even if I would, I should not easily attain it in this manner. 'Tis he must assemble the elements and determine the being they compose; the result must be his work; and if he then mistakes, all the error will be his own.

own. Now, it is not sufficient to this end that my recitals are faithful; they must be exact. It is not for me to judge of the importance of the facts; I must tell them all, and leave the care of the choice to him. I have endeavoured to do it hitherto with all my courage, and I shall not relax in what follows. But the memory of the middle age is always weaker than that of our younger years. I began by making the best I possibly could of these last. If the other do not come back with the same force, some impatient readers may perhaps grow tired; but for my part, I shall not be sorry for my labour. I have only one thing to fear in this undertaking; it is not saying too much, or telling falsities; but it is, not saying all, or being silent on truths.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK, AND OF
THE FIRST VOLUME.

